# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

"I SAY, I say, General Jackson, for fear you should think I have some axe to grind because I try so hard to keep you at my poor house all night, I will agree to entertain you free of expense!" expostulated the landlord of the only inn in the village of Jefferson, Ashe County, North Carolina, to General Jackson, late one evening in the autumn of 18—, as he entered his carriage to pursue his journey toward Tennessee. "The Blue Ridge, Sir, is infested with banditti, and you will certainly be robbed, and possibly murdered, before morning. I beseech you, stay!"

"You are very kind, Sir, and I thank you," replied the General, "but I shall proceed, and try and reach the Tennessee line at all events. I have no fears of being molested. Drive on, Ned, briskly. Adieu, gentlemen all!" and the old hero drove off at a rapid pace.

"Hilloa there, youngster!" cried the landlord to a slim, wiry, flaxen-headed stripling standing in the motley crowd in front of the tavern, "if you are going to Tennessee, you had better jump up behind and go along with the General; it's as cheap riding as walking."

"Sure enough; I reckon I'd better, and thank you," replied the young man, jumping up behind the coach as it drove off.

They rode on quietly for some hours until they began to ascend the mountain, when the General, hearing a slight cough behind, called out, sternly:

"Who's that?"

"It's me, Sir—Andrew Johnson. I am a traveler, on my way to Tennessee, and I thought I might get a lift on your carriage, Sir. I beg your pardon, Sir."

"You are quite welcome, Sir, to my carriage. Come forward and take a seat with me."

"Thank you, Sir; but as the mountain is rather steep here, I'll jump off and walk up."

He walked forward up the mountain-side in advance of the carriage, but had not gone far before he saw a man ahead of him ascending the mountain. He appeared to be intoxicated. He lurched this way and the other way, staggering backward and forward; now his knees would double up, and he would miss a step, as if the earth had suddenly vanished before him; then he would cross his legs, and a lurch would send him diagonally across the road. He stopped and braced himself up so as nearly to fall backward, and then drifted helplessly along. Presently he turned an angle in the road and was out of sight.

"That man is beastly drunk!" remarked the General.

"Drunk!—not much, Sir," laughed the young man; "he's no more drunk than I am. He's playing 'possum, and means mischief. Look there! he's lying in the road."

As they drove up he raised himself lazily and hailed them. "Hic! ah! I—I say, gentlemen, can't you give a man a lift? I—I—hic! can't walk; I'm loaded too heavily with d—d mean whisky."

"Then stay where you are and get rid of it!" replied the General, sternly.

"The devil!" exclaimed the man, springing to his feet with the agility of a cat. He gave a keen whistle and planted himself in front of the coach. Three men sprang out from the bushes, and made a rush at the carriage.

Quick as thought the General sprang upon one of them, and they rolled over in the road together. A dull, crushing sound was next heard over the conflict, and a second one rolled over in the dust, propelled by the loaded whip in the powerful hands of the driver. The young man, by a timely shot, fired and brought down a third, and then sprang to the assistance of the General, who still fought manfully with his Herculean antagonist, while the driver engaged the remaining robber.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried the General to the young man; "we are man to man. I'll give the villain fair play. By the Eternal I have you now!" and he threw his antagonist over, apparently lifeless.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" asked the General. "And you, too, Ned?—where's Ned?"

"Here, massa!" replied the boy, puffing up the road. "My robber coward—he run—he! he! he! I golly; I save one, massa save one, an' de young gentleman save one—he! he! he!"

All this occurred in less time than it takes to record it.

"But you, General, are you hurt?"

"No; nothing but a few bruises, thank God! But, look there! one of them is stirring. You, Sir, and Ned, pinion his hands, while I examine the others."

None of them were found to be dead. Two were only stunned, and the third had received a pistol-shot through the shoulder, and was crouching in affright. They were all soon pinioned, and a council was held, when it was determined to disarm them and let them go, rather than be detained on the road. No further incidents befell our travelers during their jaunt.

On their separation in Tennessee the General gave the young man much good advice. He recounted to him his own history, and bade him aspire to be good and useful. The General continued *en route* for his home in Middle Tennessee, and the young man stopped and settled in the town of Greenville, Tennessee, as a journeyman tailor. Of his subsequent career it is needless to speak; it is a part of the history of our country.

a disgrace M. E. D.

JONESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE, Nov., 1865.

## THE CHOLERA.

THE news of the arrival of the *Atalanta* from London on the 2d instant with cholera on board has given increased interest in this country to the subject of the epidemic. From fifty to sixty cases during the passage were reported, and sixteen deaths. The weather is not yet so cold as to prevent a prelusive flourish of the grim old monster this fall, nor is it safe to reckon too confidently on the security which winter may afford us. The disease has been known to defy the Frost King even in the colder latitudes of Russia. We have had ample warning, but what has been effected in the way of security? The street-cleaning commission of this city, with the Mayor at their head, have given out the work to men who certainly have done any thing else but clean the streets.

The Police Commissioners have felt obliged to take the matter in hand and have preferred charges against the contractors. The latter claimed that the trouble was due to the police, who should prevent citizens from throwing garbage into the streets. To this the reply was made that the police have reported cases (in one year to the number of 40,000) of violation of the city ordinances, but they were rarely, if ever, prosecuted to conviction.

According to a late work published by General VIELE, it appears that the original and natural drainage streams of the entire area of the city have been imperfectly filled up, and their places supplied by artificial sewers that utterly fail to drain off the water that is constantly accumulating. This water becomes stagnant, filth and garbage are allowed to mingle with it, and the miasma and noxious vapors arising therefrom are the fruitful and inevitable sources of disease and mortality. When one reflects upon the frightful masses of putridity that underlie the streets, alleys, public buildings, private residences, vacant lots, and a number of the public parks of the city, he can not be at a loss to divine the reason why fever and ague, intermittent fevers, and like complaints are chronic, and why epidemics prevail with such virulence in those localities when once they break out.

In Europe, in the mean time, the cholera appears to be declining in the places where it has been prevailing, on the eastern and northern shores of the Mediterranean, the coasts of the Euxine, and the banks of the Danube. Not more than eight or ten new cases have been reported at Southampton. The application of ice to the spinal column appears to have been a highly successful treatment. Although the cholera has been a month in Paris, the paternal care of the authorities avoids alarming the public with official returns. It is ascertained that on the 11th of October it attacked about 380 persons, 190 of whom died. But what are they among so many? asks a writer in the *Pays*. Even at Marseilles the cholera deaths have been only four in a thousand among the whole number of inhabitants.

We give on page 724 an illustration of a scene which recently occurred in the streets of Marseilles on the occasion of LIGHTING FIRES NEAR THE PALACE OF JUSTICE TO DESTROY THE CHOLERA.

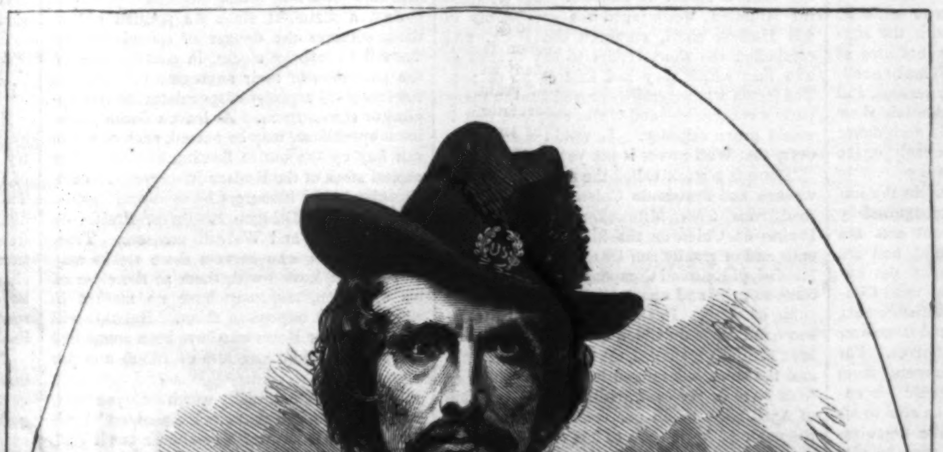
## HON. JAMES L. ORR.

IT appears from the latest returns that WADE HAMPTON has been defeated in the South Carolina election for Governor by a majority of 500. If this is true Hon. JAMES L. ORR, whose portrait we give on page 733, is the Governor elect of South Carolina—a result of the election which will afford gratification to the loyal people of the country.

Hon. JAMES L. ORR was born May 12, 1822, at Craytonville, South Carolina. On both sides he is of Irish descent. His grandfather, JOHN ORR, was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary war. His father, CHRISTOPHER ORR, was a successful merchant, who devoted his means liberally to the education of his children. JAMES began his studies at a very early age, and in his eighteenth year entered the University of Virginia. He left college in 1841, and the subsequent year entered the law-office of Judge WHITNER. He was admitted to the bar in 1843, after a highly creditable examination, and began to practice at Anderson, where he also established and edited a newspaper.

Mr. ORR was elected to the State Legislature from his district in 1844, at the age of 22, by a larger vote than was given to any other candidate in the State—a convincing evidence of his popularity in his own neighborhood. His very first speech was against nullification, which was the baby-form of secession, and was received with great favor throughout the State. He became a candidate for Congress in 1848 and was elected, and for more than ten years he held his seat without opposition. While he deprecated the agitation of the Slavery question, he was devoted to the Union. He was opposed to the Compromise measures introduced and passed by the Thirty-first Congress. When South Carolina, in 1851, threatened to secede alone, he opposed the movement, and although the State seemed determined to go out of the Union, through his influence the current was stayed.

In the reconstruction of South Carolina Mr. ORR has taken a leading position; and it is fortunate for the State that he is elected Governor. No man in the State so clearly understands the necessities of the situation in which the war has left the rebel States, and no one is more disposed to conduct affairs in such a manner as to steer clear of the delusions which have preved so fatal to Southern interests. Mr. ORR's past conduct gives good evidence of the spirit with which he will govern the State.



COLONEL JOHN O'MAHONY, HEAD CENTRE OF THE FENIAN ORDER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARCALOW.—[SEE PAGE 723.]

## A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

TWENTY years ago Mrs. HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOOTH was invited in Eurpe by an American family of large possessions at the South to travel through the slave States and see for herself their actual condition. Her rhymed reply was this singular prophecy:

You tell me of a bright land far over the sea,
But, ah! can you call it the land of the free?
Where the image of God, for a handful of gold,
Like a beast of the field in the market is sold—
Where the child from the mother's fond bosom is torn—
Where the father is chained, leaving orphans forlorn—
Where the maiden is bartered, like merchandise ware,
Then doomed to the lash and the groan of despair!

Woe! woe to thee, fair land! far over the main:
For the canker of death—dark slavery's stain—
Shall gnaw to thy vitals, while every sigh,
From the victims who writhe, mounts for justice on high!
And He, the great Lord of the universe wide,
Shall smite thee to earth in thy strength and thy pride;
For vengeance must fall for foul cruelties done
On the beings redeemed by His own beloved Son!

The sound of the war-drum shall thrill thee at night,
As thy sons and thy brothers are borne to the fight;
The slave and the cotton shall stab thee with pain,
And the North and the South be divided in twain,
And brother 'gainst brother shall strike in the fight,
And battles be fought in the dead of the night;
And the white maid and widow in sorrow shall mourn,
And the flags of thy freedom in tatters be torn.

* * * * * * *

The North in her might like a whirlwind shall rise,
And the notes of the cannon be borne to the skies;
And though the warm blood of her heroes be shed,
The light of her freedom shall never be dead;
The Stars and the Stripes an Excelsior shall be,
Proud Liberty's banner from land and by sea;
And the Union, though spurned by the slaveholder's scorn,
Shall be guarded by Northmen for ages unborn.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

## THE ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

THE next vital point of public interest is the organization of the House of Representatives. Is the Clerk of the House bound to place upon the roll the names of the representatives who may appear from the unorganized States, and may they take part in deciding the question whether they are entitled to seats?

To state the point would seem to settle it. But the law happily coincides with the suggestion of common sense. The Statutes at Large provide that the clerk "shall make a roll, and place thereon the names of all persons, and of such persons only, whose credentials show that they were regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their States respectively, or the laws of the United States."

Now as there is no government in the unorganized States which has been recognized by the United States; as their present acts are purely provisional and experimental, and are entirely dependent for validity upon the approval of Congress, it is clear that until Congress has approved the Constitution under which the representatives are elected there are, in the eye of the law, no representatives. For suppose that the names of the claimants from South Carolina, for instance, should be enrolled; suppose that they should be able to affect the choice of Speaker and the organization of the House: they would then be also in a position to determine whether Congress should approve the Constitutions under which they were elected. In other words, the late rebels and their Northern allies would determine upon what terms the unorganized States should resume their relations in the Union; and they would also be strong enough to repudiate the National debt!

This preposterous proceeding is gravely urged as the only lawful one—by whom? By the late rebels and their friends at the North. The Government has been saved against a desperate rebellion, and—according to these gentlemen—it can be now lawfully intrusted only to those who made war upon it and their allies who cheered them on! The Constitution was always pleaded by the rebels and their friends against a war to suppress the rebellion, and it is now pleaded against the natural and legitimate action of the country in securing the fruit of its triumph. Thus it appears that the Constitution, as interpreted both by its open and its disguised enemies, is only valid to embarrass the country in saving the Government first from the arms and then from the intrigues of its enemies.

Before the representatives from any lately rebellious State can take part in the proceedings of Congress, Congress must determine whether that State is duly organized for its normal functions in the Union. When, for instance, the Provisional Governor of South Carolina has forwarded to the President the proceedings of the Provisional Convention, and the acts of the people and of the Legislature in accordance with them, and these have been laid by the President before Congress and approved by it, then, and not before, can the representatives regularly elected under the laws of such States be admitted to Congress. Until then a representative from South Carolina has no more right to a seat or a voice in Congress than one from Canada or Guatemala.

The conditions upon which the whole work of provisional reorganization proceeds were imposed by the President. He authorized [illegible] of the people of the States named to take certain steps in order "to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." The United States, of course, will decide whether the State shall have that guaranty; but the State itself will have no voice whatever in the decision. If the President had taken no steps, and the States named had, under Constitutions which had for four years repudiated the national authority, sent representatives to Congress, would any body but Mr. VALLANDIGHAM or HORATIO SEYMOUR claim that they ought to be admitted equally with the representatives from New York and Ohio?

If the late rebel States are in the Union as New York or Ohio are, then the action of the President is not only an impertinence, but lays him liable to impeachment: and their representatives may come without question, like those of Massachusetts—as Provisional Governor PERRY contends. But if the action of the President was constitutional and necessary as a measure of public safety, and this is the view of all loyal men, then the representatives must wait until the United States in Congress bid them enter.

## THE LAST EXCITEMENT IN WALL STREET.

THE Latin proverb to the contrary notwithstanding, people do not learn by experience, at least in Wall Street. For several years it has been evident that the Bears have been treading a dangerous path. Men who sell that which they have not got, and that which, under certain circumstances, they can not get, court ruin. Not quite two years ago Harlem Railroad stock jumped up from 20 @ 40 to 50 @ 60 per cent, The advance was justified on the theory that the Harlem Railroad Company was going to obtain the Broadway Railroad grant. It was soon ascertained that this expectation was fallacious. On this a number of smart operators undertook to sell Harlem short. It chanced that a leading operator, who was backed by Commodore VANDERBILT, was at the time a holder of Harlem. He realized the situation, encouraged the speculators to sell Harlem short, cornered the stock, and compelled the short sellers to buy @ 250 @ 280 that which they had sold @ 75 @ 100. The lesson was severe—it proved fatal to many parties concerned—and it was supposed that it would prove salutary. It would seem, however, that Wall Street is not yet cured.

There is a stock called the stock of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad. The road runs from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. It was built and originally run by the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad Company, a concern which came to grief and was decently interred in the panic of 1857. In the hands of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Company, which has been skillfully managed, the road has done well, and the stock has ranged in ordinary times @ from 30 to 60 per cent., rising in the expansion of April 1864 to 89 per cent., and falling in the panic of April 1865 to less than 30. This autumn, owing to the heavy wheat crop of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the line has done a large business, and the stock rose in consequence in October to 70 per cent.

This advance of $40 a share in six months attracted the attention of the chronic Bears on the Stock Exchange, and they began to sell the stock short. Their operations were closely scanned by an operator of experience, nerve, and capital. He began, very quietly, to take the options offered. Presently, questions arising as to the intrinsic value of the stock, he and his friends referred inquirers to the office of the Company, where they were informed by the President and Directors that there was no likelihood of any dividend this year or even next. Under these circumstances it was evident that the stock was selling for more than it was worth, and the speculators sold more and more of it short. The wary old operator took their contracts quietly. As a general rule they sold the stock for cash or on short options, and borrowed it for delivery. It was not scarce. Full half the capital could be borrowed, and the Bears were encouraged in the belief that no corner was contemplated. In the last week of October a heavy falling off in the receipts of wheat at Milwaukee was reported, and the short sales increased accordingly. They were all promptly met by the operator for the rise, and simultaneously two new developments took place.

In the first place, without any obvious attempt to corner the stock, it rose with marked spasmodic bounds of 5 @ 6 per cent. a day.

And secondly, all purchases of stock on long options began to be made on the terms of the Open Board of Brokers, and not on the terms of the Stock Exchange. The motive of this was obvious. Under the rules of the Stock Exchange, a buyer or seller on long options may, within twenty-four hours after his purchase or sale, call for a deposit of 10 or 20 per cent. in the Trust Company to secure the fulfillment of his contract; but after the lapse of twenty-four hours he can not call at all, nor, if he has called 10 or 20 per cent. within this period, can he afterward call for any more money. Under the rules of the Open Board buyer or seller may, at any time during the pendency of his contract, call for 10 per cent., and, as often as the market-price of the stock varies, may call for more and more, so as always to have a margin of 10 per cent. Buyers of Prairie du Chien, by stipulating that the contracts must be made on the terms of the Open Board, secured the right of calling for deposits to an indefinite amount. Thus, on 31st October contracts were made on the basis of 70 per cent., and 10 per cent. was called up. On 1st November the price was 80, and 10 per cent. more was called; on 2d the price was 90, and 10 per cent. more was called; on 3d the price was nearly par, and 10 per cent. more was called; on Saturday evening, 4th, the price reached 112, and 10 @ 15 per cent. more was called; and on Monday, 6th, the price was 225, and 100 per cent. more was called, making altogether 150 per cent. called up—say $15,000 on every 100 shares of stock.

Thus the clever operators who, when Prairie du Chien was selling @ 70 or thereabouts, concluded it was not worth so much, and sold it for future delivery at that price, have now in the Trust Companies twice as much money as the whole amount of their contract sales, with a fair prospect of being obliged to make still greater deposits. A man who on 1st November sold 1000 shares short—and no operator worth knowing nowadays deals in less than 1000 shares—had, on 6th, in six days, a loss of $150,000 staring him in the face, with a prospect of its indefinite increase. Harlem was terrible, but Harlem was nothing to this. Settlements were made on 6th, by which the short sellers of 1000 shares compromised with the buyers by paying $100,000 in money for a week's diversion. Of the future nothing can be predicted. The "corner" may break; before these lines are published Prairie du Chien may be selling at 70 again; or it may be selling at 500. All that can be said with certainty is, that he who sells that which he hasn't got and can't get must pay the price which the holder chooses to ask, no matter how unreasonable that price may seem.

Just a fortnight since we pointed out in these columns the danger of speculating for the fall in railway stocks, in consequence of the smallness of their aggregate volume, and the increased capacity of speculators to monopolize or corner them. At least a dozen prominent speculators may be named, each of whom can buy up the entire floating portion of the capital stock of the Hudson River, Rock Island, Cleveland and Pittsburg, Cleveland and Toledo, Fort Wayne, Michigan Southern, Prairie du Chien, Toledo and Wabash, etc., etc. True, the speculator who corners these stocks may find himself loaded with them at the close of his operation, and may have no market in which he can dispose of them. But this will not console the Bears who have been compelled to settle with him at a loss of 100 @ 200 per cent.

Harlem was not really worth 285 per cent. when the corner in that stock closed, and Prairie du Chien is not worth 200 now: but if Wall Street gamblers will sell the thing which they have not got and can not get, on the vague theory that they will somehow be able to procure it for delivery at its intrinsic value, they must not be surprised if they are caught, and forced to pay fancy prices by way of teaching them the fundamental laws of political economy. To be reasonably safe speculation hereafter must run in governments, which can not be cornered, and the price of which must be governed by the general law of supply and demand.

## OUR FRENCH RELATIONS.

THERE is a general feeling that our Mexican and French relations are not satisfactory. The Secretary of State assured us at Auburn that there was no speck upon the horizon; but he was looking resolutely through his rosiest telescope. The unanimous declaration of the House of Representative in the midst of the war; the plain speech of the leading Generals since the war ended; the rhetoric of political conventions; the persistent inquiry of many representative journals; and the tradition of the Monroe doctrine carefully revived and emphasized—all show that there is great dissatisfaction with the presence of the French in Mexico holding an Austrian upon the throne.

Yet is it not wise to trust the course of events a little, seeing how favorable they are? Nobody, except an enemy of this country, wishes to see it hurled into another war at present. With whatever ardor we may profess the Monroe doctrine at this time, it is surely best to avoid a war with France upon the subject of her Mexican enterprise, if it can be honorably avoided. And it really seems probable that the difficulty will disappear, like a feeble flame, if we do not blow it into a fire.

The French expedition to Mexico was undertaken upon the assumption that the United States were ruined—that a new power would be established in the Southern States which would be only too glad of a strong alliance upon its border, and that the dwarfed and enfeebled Government which had proclaimed the Monroe doctrine would never whisper that word again. Notwithstanding these favorable auspices the expedition was always immensely unpopular in France, and was keenly ridiculed and indignantly denounced in the Chambers by the Opposition. The entire French force in Mexico has never been considerable, and its Mexican allies are of no importance. MAXIMILIAN has been trying to balance himself upon his very uncertain throne, but the French Emperor has been painfully silent and inactive, while JUAREZ, the Mexican President, still maintains a straggling but persistent warfare.

Now the assumption under which the French came to Mexico is utterly demolished. Instead of two new neighboring powers, the nearest of which was to be necessarily friendly, LOUIS NAPOLEON finds the one old Power, with which the Monroe doctrine is a fond and universal tradition, more imposing than ever, with the most severe military training, with an immense navy, and flushed with victory. His prolonged stay in Mexico involves probable war with that victorious Power, and to what purpose? It would be a war unpopular and opposed at home, and opposed because of no adequate advantage to France which could be possibly secured.

What, then, is the probable secret wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON? To let the destiny of the Latin race take care of itself, and to leave Mexico as soon as he can. But even when a man has made up his mind to go, he does not wish to be bullied or kicked out. Indeed such is human nature, that a man will fight as fiercely under such circumstances as if he were conscious of a good cause. An attitude of courteous but positive expectation is much more serviceable to all parties than one of arrogant impatience. If the Government of the United States politely and firmly expresses its confidence that the favorite imperial doctrine of "the consent of the peoples" will be suffered to have its course in Mexico as in Savoy, there is little doubt that the imperial sagacity will devise a convenient plea for withdrawing. But journals and orators, and all organs and influences of public opinion, should not forget that they have duties to the good fellowship of nations and the peace of the world, as well as to Buncomb and Yankee-doodle-doo.

## INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

THE intelligent citizens of the Southern States are naturally anxious to see the industry reviving upon which alone the prosperity of those States can be permanently established. They are calling for immigrants, and, possibly distrusting the good-will or capacity of the freedmen—which seems to us entirely premature until they have given them the same fair chance that we all demand for ourselves—they hope that foreigners may be persuaded to come southward and invest money and labor in the land.

But do not such honest well-wishers to the South see that few strangers will settle or invest in that part of the country until it is tranquilized and can promise the new-comers security in their homes and their property? While the States at the South remain unorganized that stability is wanting which alone attracts immigration and investment. Mexico has never had any charms for that valuable immigration which brings enterprise and capital with habits of peaceful industry; and any state of society which approaches the Mexican will always repel the most truly desirable population.

The industrial destiny of the disturbed States is thus peculiarly in their own hands. They can be rebuilt in prosperity only by peaceful enterprises of agriculture and commerce. Those depend entirely upon confidence, and confidence will be restored only as fast as the people of those States show that they heartily accept the situation. While the acts of secession are merely repealed; while the rebel debt is reluctantly repudiated only upon palpable compulsion; while the acquiescence in emancipation is merely verbal and formal, and an evident unwillingness to treat the freedmen fairly appears in every step taken by those who are provisionally intrusted with the work of reorganization, so long, of course, every sensible man will feel that there is no security of permanent quiet, and he will wait until the horizon clears before he sets out upon his journey to fresh fields and pastures new.

Here, for instance, is the State of Georgia. The Provisional Convention repeals the act of secession, as a Legislature would repeal any law that had become for the present inexpedient. It declares slavery abolished; but higgles about repudiating the rebel debt until the President sends a peremptory telegram that it must be done. What provision it will advise for justice to the freedmen does not appear. That any body takes the very plain and logical position that, as the system of slavery is at end, all the laws that spring from it fall to the ground, we do not discover; and we fail to see that there is any other spirit in the Convention than that of doing exactly as little as is imper-

atively necessary to resume the State relations with the Union. In Mississippi, indeed, every loyal man will observe with pleasure that Provisional Governor SHARKEY and Mr. ALCORN, the two Senators of the United States elected under the new Constitution now awaiting approval by Congress, do take this ground. But our private advices assure us that the condition of public sentiment in Mississippi, in Alabama, in Georgia, and in South Carolina is extremely unsatisfactory to those who hope for an early and sincere reunion.

We shall be told, of course, that this is natural. We understand Mr. BEECHER to say that he should not respect our Southern brethren half so much if they felt otherwise or did differently. That may be. We do not ask nor expect our fellow-citizens at the South to profess satisfaction with the result of the war. But if they acquiesce in that result we do expect them to do it frankly and fully, not sullenly nor maliciously. They may still believe in State sovereignty and the right of secession. They may declare the war upon the part of the United States to have been unjust and cruel. But if they agree to reorganize their States under the authority of the United States we have a right to expect that the measures they adopt will be such, both in themselves and in the spirit with which they are adopted, as to leave no doubt that they have taken the oath with their hearts as well as with their lips. A formal assent to the strict letter of the required conditions, while all the incidents of daily life show an unchanged feeling, may be sufficient to secure a formal recognition of the fact of compliance, but it certainly can not inspire that confidence upon which alone the prosperity of the Southern States is to be rebuilt.

Many of our own friends at the South think it very hard that we say many things that do not tend to conciliation. We do not intentionally say one. We must speak plainly, but plainness of speech is not unkindness. We are asked, What more can the Conventions do than accept the conditions imposed? They may refuse to accept them, if they can not take them in the spirit in which they are offered. That is one thing they can do, and we should respect their refusal. Every thoughtful man at the South knows that true reorganization is not a letter but a spirit. How many in that part of the country who read these lines do not know neighbors and friends who take the oath with one breath and sneer at it with the next?

That is not the way in which civil troubles are composed. If it be natural that those who have lost the day should be left in such a frame of mind, it surely is no less natural that those who have won should regret and distrust it. And certainly the citizens of the Southern States who earnestly wish to see them once more at peace, and an influx of capital and labor, must perceive that nothing will prevent such a result but a popular conviction that the acquiescence of which we hear is formal and not sincere.

## THE FENIANS.

THE Fenian movement is an enterprise for Irish revolution against England. We can not see that it is wise, however natural it may be, nor do we yet know the elements of success upon which it counts. A revolution imposed upon a country by those of its citizens who have chosen to leave it rather than to remain in the country and assert its independence at all costs, has not at the first view the promise of victory. The *emigrés* who left France at the outbreak of the revolution of '93 did, indeed, return in 1815 and place LOUIS XVIII. upon the throne. But they returned only because all Europe supported them. A certain party in France formerly aided Irish revolutions, but still the revolutions failed. Upon what alliance do the Fenians count?

Our peculiar interest in the present movement, which does not recommend itself by any illustrious names nor make itself formidable by the leadership and sympathy of the Church, which seems to us essential to the vitality of any Irish insurrection, springs from the fact that it is apparently a movement from this side of the sea. The United States are apparently the moral base of the Fenian enterprise against Great Britain. We say the moral base, because there is no evidence that any men or munitions have been dispatched from this country; and indeed, such is the vast and enveloping blarney of the lively race, that it is by no means sure that the whole thing is not a burst of rhetoric.

The practical point is just here. The Irish population at home could not hope to do today more than SMITH O'BRIEN and his friends did fifteen years ago. That was the last and the most ignominious of all the efforts to throw off the English yoke. There were noble men, to our knowledge, involved in that movement, but the movement itself was a total and almost ridiculous failure. If, however, the Irish population of the United States intend to cross the ocean in person, unite with the Irish at home, and fight with Great Britain; and if they can organize and equip adequate expeditions and fall upon the Saxon by sea and land, there may be serious trouble.

But even granting this intention—even supposing that our fellow-citizens of Irish descent are burning to leave their wives and children to the poor-house in this country in order that they may cleave the Sassenach to the chine in Ireland or England, it will be a most perplexing question how they shall be conveyed to the scene of the slaughter. Meetings of sympathy with any oppressed people, and orations and editorial articles defending their cause, are legitimate and lawful. But expeditions to make war upon a friendly power will not be allowed to sail openly from our shores, and the secret escape of an occasional privateer is all that can be hoped for.

The Fenian organization, whether large or small, important or unimportant, contemplates revolution in Ireland. It is a political organization of citizens of foreign birth for the purpose of war with a friendly ally, and a war which could not enlist the sympathies of the truest friends of Ireland or of mankind. We are, therefore, sincerely sorry that the Government should have taken such an occasion as the request of such a body to liberate such a person as JOHN MITCHEL. We are certainly glad that he is released; but the Government, it seems to us, should have said to the Fenian delegates, "Gentlemen, it is our intention to liberate Mr. MITCHEL, but upon other grounds. You can surely see that it would be unbecoming this Government to release one of its own enemies at the request of citizens who have associated themselves as enemies of a friendly power."

If MITCHEL had been in a British penal colony two years ago, and the British Government had released him at the request of Mr. JOHN LAIRD and the society for the recognition of Southern Independence, we should have laughed more bitterly than ever at British neutrality.

## THE CHOLERA.

THAT the *Atalanta*, which recently arrived in the port of New York, brought many cases of cholera among the steerage passengers is undoubtedly true, and that new cases have developed themselves since her arrival we have the word of the Health Officer. But there is no occasion for panic either during this autumn or at the coming of spring.

The terror which attends the cholera among the ignorant and filthy and superstitious populations in Asia and Europe may be avoided here by a timely and general assurance among the poorer and more exposed classes that the disease is not, in the ordinary sense, contagious, and that cleanliness, ventilation, temperance, and common sense are its preventives and correctives.

The cholera indicates itself by an affection of the bowels, not always severe, but demanding instant attention. The patient should go to bed, lie warm and comfortable, and take remedies, under medical advice, to arrest the disease. At this early stage it is almost always manageable. Thus in the *Atalanta* there had been thirty or forty cases of cholera during the passage in a crowded steerage, a place as favorable to the rapid increase of the disease as possible. During the first few days of quarantine several new cases appeared under these perilous conditions. Yet the Health Officer reported only one of them as fatal.

Care and moderation in diet, prompt attention to the earliest indications of the disease, and mental tranquillity founded upon the knowledge that it is not a mysterious and resistless plague, but a malady which science understands and can control, are the true quarantine against the cholera.

## NOT TOO FAST.

THERE are many persons who seem to suppose that because the President holds that the insurgent States have never been out of the Union, he therefore holds that they are in the Union precisely as other States are. If this were so, the Governors elected under the Constitutions amended by the Provisional Conventions would be at once entitled to exercise their functions, and Congress could have no discretion as to the admission of the State representatives.

This absurd position is indeed taken by some who loudly profess to be ardent admirers of the President's policy. They contend, for instance, that the election of Governor HUMPHREYS in Mississippi suspends the official function of Provisional Governor SHARKEY, and that Provisional Governor PERRY in South Carolina must at once yield to Governor ORR, or Governor HAMPTON, for the result of the election in that State seems to be not yet fully determined. If this were really so, it would appear that the single word of the President is sufficient to settle every question arising from the war—a proposition which he would be the first to repudiate.

The President has had the great good sense to put an end to the doubt by an official message which we learn from Jackson, Mississippi, was received in that city on the 4th of November. It is a telegram from the Secretary of State to Governor SHARKEY that he is expected to exercise the duties of his office until he is further advised *from Washington*. That is to say, Mississippi is not yet acknowledged by the Government to have resumed her relations with the Union merely because a Governor has been elected. Congress has yet to decide whether the Constitution under which he was elected is satisfactory.

## LIGHT IN TEXAS.

THE two following extracts from the Houston *Telegraph*, in Texas, are significant. If the education of the people is to continue—and even the Democratic party have not yet declared openly and directly against it—all other questions will be easier of solution. The first extract is from the issue of September 29:

"More than half the spelling-books now sold in Houston go into the hands of negroes. Several schools for colored persons are now in operation here and in Galveston. Many planters buy a stock of school-books for the schools already not unfrequent upon the plantations. We believe this is the proper thing, and that the education of the negroes in the elements of knowledge will aid in a hopeful solution of the question whether freed labor will be successful, and whether the negro race will survive their freedom."

The next is from an editorial in the same paper of September 30:

"Meanwhile if some Southern State, desirous of increasing its political power, should present a Constitution admitting of universal suffrage some time or in some way, it seems to us the wind would be taken out of the sails of both the Northern contestants. We are not this summer prepared to say that any thing is too wonderful or strange to be possible. Politicians are mighty uncertain, and what they will do can not be foretold by what they have done."

We do not despair of seeing a party of equal rights in the Southern States to join that in the other parts of the country; and when that party controls the late rebel as well as the loyal States we shall have once more an era of good feeling.

## LITERARY.

"Our Mutual Friend," DICKENS's new novel, is just issued by the HARPERS, in two forms: the two parts in paper at $1, and one volume in cloth at $1 50, both copiously illustrated. It is one of the most characteristic of his works, full of that humor and pathos and felicitous creation which keep him at the head of all living novelists. The plot is ingenious and interesting, and the multitude of characters that throng across the pages are worthy that wonderful society to which Pickwick, and Pecksniff, and Toots, and Dick Swiveller, and Little Dorrit, and scores of other familiar and immortal friends belong.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### RECONSTRUCTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has ordered Governor Sharkey to exercise his official functions until ordered otherwise. Governor Humphreys, it seems, has been issuing a proclamation urging the immediate organization of volunteer militia companies. The Legislature is petitioning the President to remove the United States troops. Several outrages have been committed upon the National soldiers, and the excitement among the latter is very great.

In Georgia the important question is the repudiation of the State debt. The President has in a special dispatch to Governor Johnson insisted upon this measure as indispensable to the peaceful restoration of the State. Governor Johnson has advised the Convention to make claims against the Government for the cotton destroyed by General Sherman in his "predatory" march through that State.

Governor Perry in his message to the South Carolina Legislature urges the importance of an early election for Congressmen. He anticipates that the latter will take their seats and aid in the reorganization of Congress. He claims that Mr. M'Pherson is legally bound to place their names upon the roll. He pronounces the special oath (required by act of Congress, July 1862) compelling members to swear that they have never taken active part against the United States Government unconstitutional. No man in South Carolina could take such an oath. He says, "If the Southern members are present when the roll is called by States they will take part in the organization of the House, and may vote against the oath being tendered to the members when they are sworn.

Governor Marvin, of Florida, has been giving some very pertinent advice to the negroes of that State. He tells them that now they are free they should become gentlemen and ladies, and advises them as a matter of courtesy to continue to call their former owners "master and mistress." The Florida Convention met October 25.

### THE PUBLIC DEBT.

According to the official statement of the public indebtedness on the 31st of October there has been a further decrease of $4,092,967 in the national liabilities since the close of September. The cash balance remaining to the credit of the Treasury in the various depositories of the public moneys at the close of October is given at $68,355,579, including $34,554,987 in coin (equal, with gold at 145, to $50,104,723 in currency) and $33,800,592 in lawful money. Of this balance the United States Sub-Treasury in this city held $57,200,121. There has been a reduction in the currency of nearly forty-four and one-half millions during the month of October.

### THE ANDERSONVILLE CEMETERY.

The New York *Times* of November 4 publishes a full list of the soldiers from this State who died in the prison at Andersonville. It appears that of the whole number of deaths at Andersonville about one-fourth were of New York soldiers.

### LOYAL SOUTHERN GENERALS.

Virginia has given us twelve loyal generals, whose names are as follows: Thomas, Terrill, Cooke, Reno, Prentiss, Newton, Davidson, Stevenson, Denver, Ammen, Hays, Graham.

Maryland. "My Maryland," has given us ten generals, namely—Ord, Cooper, Benton, Emory, French, Kenley, Vandever, Sykes, Judah, Lanman.

Delaware has given us three generals, namely—Lockwood, Torbert, Thomas.

Kentucky—the birth-place of President Lincoln, the martyred and immortal patriot, stands in great measure redeemed in the number and efficiency of the soldiers whom she has sent into the field for the defense of the Union. She has given us twenty-eight generals, whose names are—Canby, Anderson, Rousseau, Reynolds, Nelson, Hobson, Harrow, Oglesby, Blair, Boyle, Crittenden, M'Clernand, M'Millan, Clay, Clay Smith, Morris, Palmer, Pope, Burbridge, Fry, Shacklesford, Gorman, Johnson, Jackson, Wood, Ward, and two Bufords.

Tennessee has given us five generals, namely—Carter, Harney, Campbell, Abercrombie, Spears.

The District of Columbia has given us five generals, namely—Hunter, Orme, Pleasonton, Brannan, Getty.

Alabama has given us three generals, namely—Two Birneys and one Crittenden.

North Carolina has given us two generals—Meredith and Johnson.

South Carolina has given us two generals—Hurlbut and Fremont.

Missouri has given us Reno; Louisiana, West, and Georgia, Meigs.

Here we have a list of seventy-three Southern generals of land forces, many of whom have already, with their valor and blood, intermingled with the valor and blood of their compatriots from other sections of the country, added strength and indissolubility to the Union.

If we turn to the navy we shall find from the South four names at least which will be famous in history so long as floating batteries or men-of-war shall be found upon the water: Farragut, of Tennessee; Porter, of Louisiana; Goldsborough, of the District of Columbia, and Winslow, of North Carolina—that brave and dauntless Old Coon who captured the pirate *Alabama*.

### NEWS ITEMS.

In the return match, played November 6, at Brooklyn, between the Atlantics and Athletics, to which allusion is made in our article on page 730, the Atlantics were again victorious, by 27 to 24 on the score.

Brigadier-General Barnum has received a brevet appointment as Major-General, as a reward for distinguished and gallant service.

The restoration of property seized and occupied since the days of Butler has recently, by order of President Johnson, been very general in New Orleans. The property of R. H. Short, occupied by General Banks, that of Mrs. Slocomb, occupied by General Sheridan, and that of Dr. Campbell, Dr. Mercer, and other prominent citizens, has all been restored.

First-Lieutenant Henry B. Beecher, Fourth United States Artillery, Howard's Battery, has been brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for general conduct during the war.

Large numbers of Germans, Swedes, and Danes are pouring into Virginia. But the supply is not equal to the demand. The price fixed for their services as farm hands or laborers is $150 a year, with food and lodging, for men between twenty and fifty years old, and for women $100.

In New Mexico Chavez, the Republican candidate, had over 2300 majority, beating Perez, who was the late member. The vote appears to have been an unusually large one, Chavez polling over 8000. Eight of the ten counties in the Territory elect Republican delegates to the Legislature.

It is said that $1,020,000,000 have been paid to the army alone since the commencement of the war.

The Customs revenue (in coin) of the Government through the port of New York, in October, amounted to $11,064,410 against only $3,697,335 same month last year. Thus far in the current week it has averaged $424,167 a day, or equal to a weekly aggregate of $2,545,002.

The Rochester *Union* says there are three anthracite coal mines, only twenty-three miles from Ithaca, which yield a superior quality of coal.

In accordance with official notice given by Mr. Seward heretofore, a large quantity of claims against foreign Governments for depredations by privateers, etc., have been filed in the State Department.

The Boston city government have passed an order, authorizing the Cochituate Water Board to build a reservoir of 500,000,000 gallons capacity, on the Lawrence meadow, in Brighton and Newton, to cost $900,000, and to purchase land on which to build the same, at a cost of not more than $30,000, and authorizing the Treasurer to borrow the above amounts.

The rebel Generals Wade Hampton, Kershaw, Butler, Martin, and Brattan are members of the South Carolina Senate.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 5 a box that had been carried out of the Wyoming Hotel, No. 325 Greenwich Street, and placed on the sidewalk exploded, and injured twenty or thirty persons who had gathered around it, broke windows and shook the buildings in the vicinity. It was a plain wooden box, two feet long, and was the property of a German named Theodore Leers, who arrived in this country in August last, and carried it to the hotel with his baggage. Smoke issued from the box before it was taken out of the hotel. Two heavy explosions occurred. The German owner of the box was arrested, and said he did not know what the contents of it were, though he supposed they were chemical oils. The agent of the house of Wilhelm Lee, of Hamburg, he said, put the box into his charge, asking him to sell the oils it contained. No deaths occurred in consequence of the explosion.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT preparations were made in England for Lord Palmerston's funeral. He was to be buried in Westminster Abbey October 27. The Queen's carriage was to lead the imposing cortége. The pall-bearers were to be ten Cabinet Ministers. The Prince of Wales was to be at the Abbey, and business generally suspended on the occasion. It was reported that Lady Palmerston would be created a Peeress in her own right.

The British Government has removed all restrictions on American vessels in English ports.

It is understood that British naval commanders in the Pacific have received orders from their Government to cruise in search of the rebel pirate *Shenandoah*.

The Brazilians and their allies continue to be successful in the war with Paraguay. Our latest intelligence is to September 23. The Paraguayans had suffered another defeat, losing the city of Uruguayana, together with five thousand prisoners, who were immediately disposed of by being drafted into the allied army. The victory caused great rejoicing at Buenos Ayres. At this rate the Paraguayans can not hold out much longer.

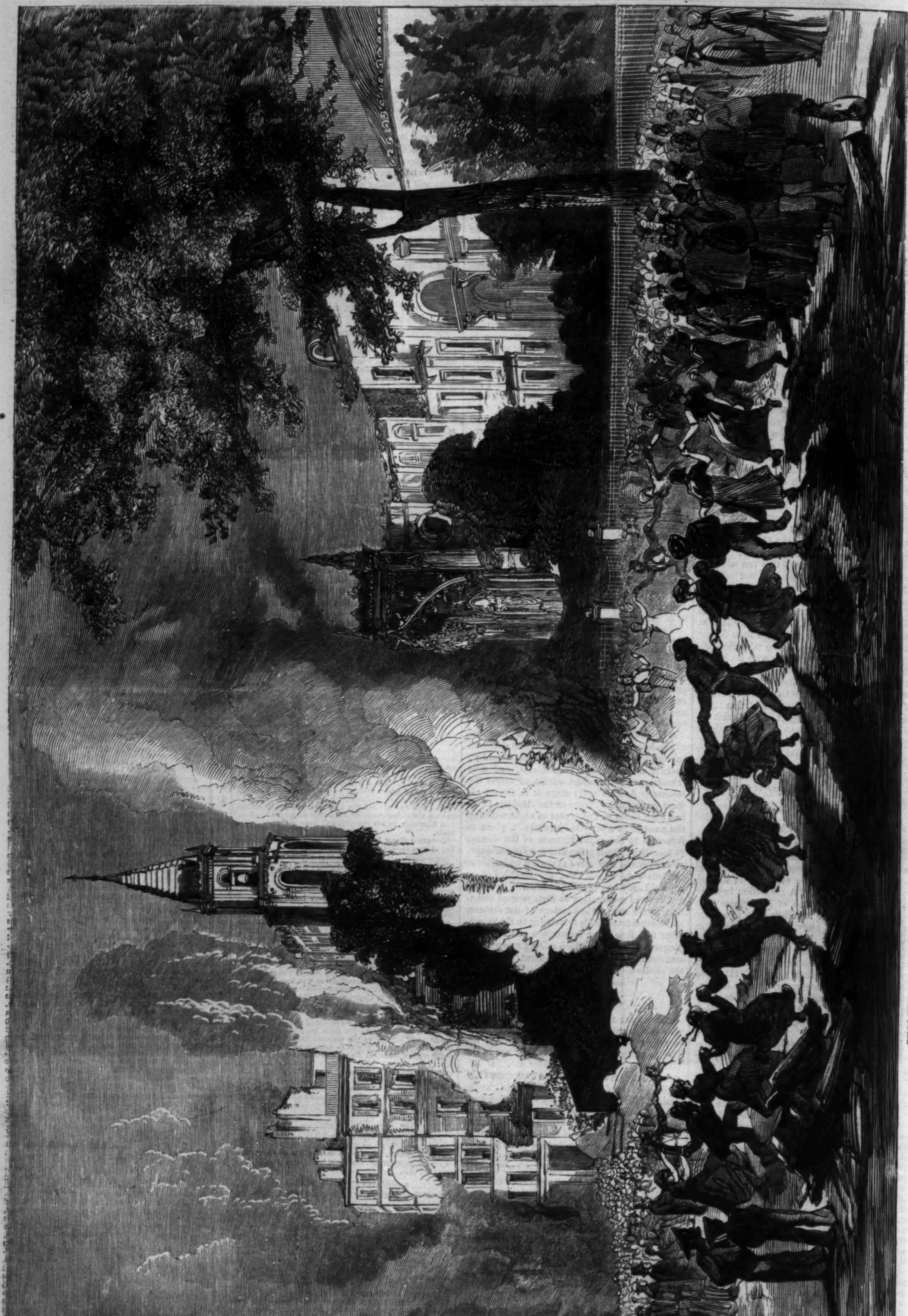
Prussia has taken the port of Kiel under her jurisdiction. A Prussian guard-ship is permanently stationed in the port.

The British Government seems to have caught all the Irish Fenians it cares for. The Archbishop of Dublin thinks the movement the natural result of Orangeism. He says also, that when Irish patriots saw Garibaldi, a leader of conspiracies and revolutions, received in London with acclamations and petted by bishops and the highest aristocracy, it was no wonder that they thought no harm of getting up a revolution in Ireland.

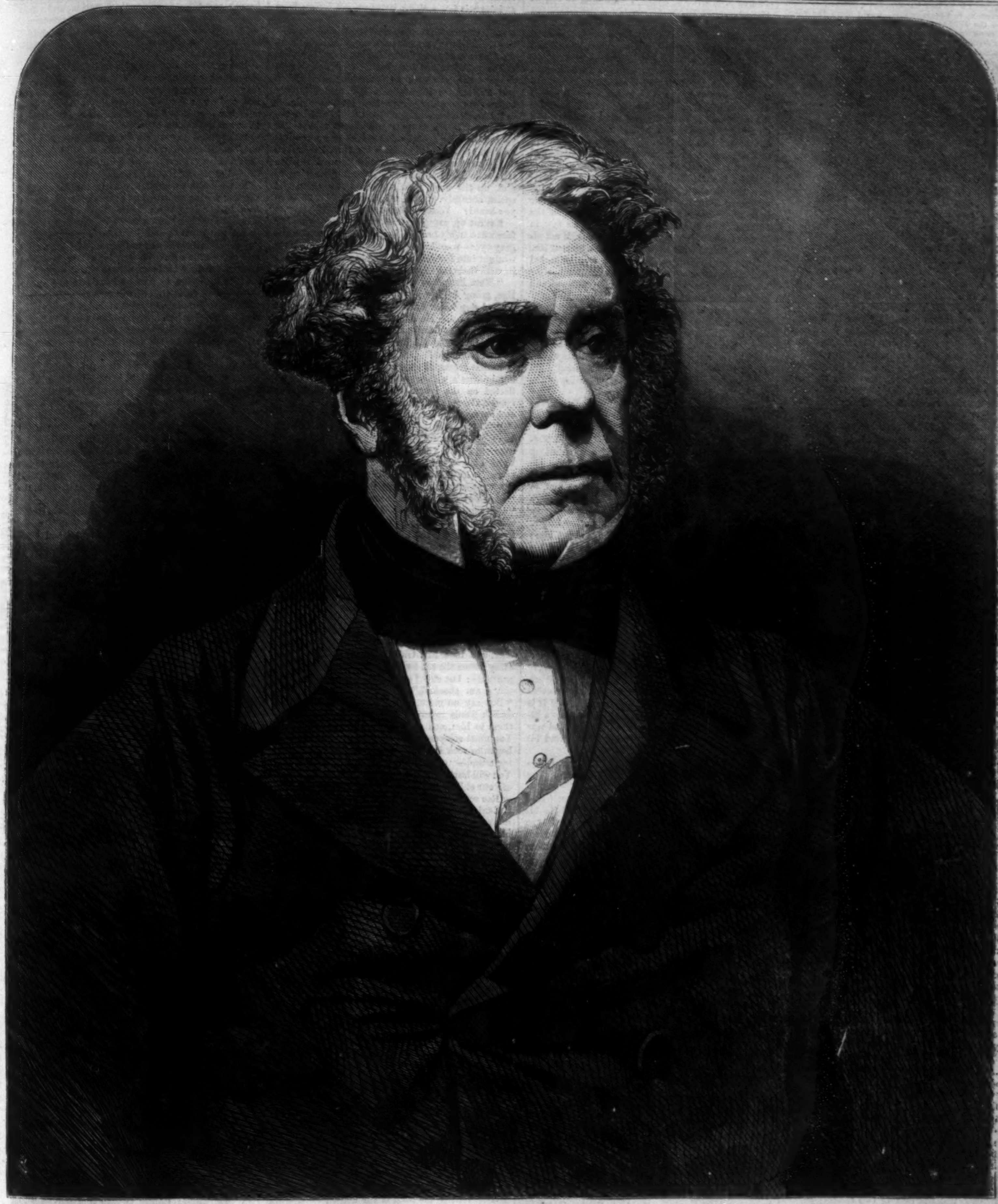
Turkey has accepted the proposal of France for a Sanitary Congress. The Porte has appointed a Commission to institute inquiries at Medina, Mecca, and Djeddah into the causes of the recent epidemic, and to deliberate upon measures of precaution to be taken in future. The Commissioners will leave for those places on the 20th October.

We have some details as to the origin and progress of the troubles in Jamaica. The scene of the disturbances is around Morante Bay, which is the part of the island nearest to Hayti, and is in the District of St. Thomas. The difficulty began on the 7th of October in the manifestation of a riotous disposition on the part of the people caused by an arrest. The police were overpowered in their attempt to arrest the malcontents, and soon three hundred men, armed with swords, left Dumfries and appeared in Stony Gut, where they held a secret meeting in the Baptist Chapel. The magistrate wrote to Spanish Town and Bath for volunteers, who arrived on the 11th. The mob, now numbering four or five hundred, rushed to the Police Station. In they rushed, seized the guns, swords, and powder, and triumphantly hurried on to the Court-house. The local magistrate caught up the "Riot Act," which he read amidst a storm of stones and bricks; the volunteers were ordered to fire, and when the smoke rolled away several of the rioters were seen dead or wounded. A fight followed between the mob and the volunteers, in which the latter were worsted, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Many were not so fortunate as to do that. The insurgents now gave full vent to their fury. They killed two of the magistrates and many other persons. The tongue of a clergyman was cut out. The Court-house was burned. More troops were sent for, and these, together with the inhabitants, succeeded in making headway against the mob. Forty of the insurgents have been hanged.

In a proclamation dated the 3d of October, at the city of Mexico, Maximilian authorizes and instructs the assassination of every prisoner thereafter taken by his forces. Any Mexican soldier captured is to be tried summarily by the commander of the troops who capture him, and to be shot within twenty-four hours; and this whether he has made resistance or not.



CHOLERA AT MARSEILLES—FIRES LIGHTED IN THE SQUARE OF THE OLD PALACE OF JUSTICE TO DESTROY THE PESTILENCE.



THE LATE HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G., G.C.B.

## LORD PALMERSTON.

On the 18th of October Lord Palmerston, the most popular Premier and the most experienced statesman of England, died of an inflammatory attack on the bladder, brought on by a severe cold. Though the event ought not to have been unexpected, yet the English people have felt no shock so sudden since the death of the Duke of Wellington. Palmerston was to Englishmen a sort of Palladium—so long as he was present no serious misfortune could befall the state.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, of Palmerston, County Dublin, and Baron Temple, was born October 20, 1784, at Broadlands, Hampshire, England. His early education commenced at Harrow. From Harrow he went to the University of Edinburgh, and thence to Cambridge. At school and college he was thought rather dull. When he was only seventeen years old his father died, leaving the son heir to his estate and title. The young lord was easy in his manners, arrogant to his equals, and condescending to his inferiors, and, though not dissipated, was a lover of gayety and a scrupulous devotee of Beauty and Fashion.

The fearless audacity of Lord Palmerston was shown in his first advent into public life. At the early age of twenty-two he ventured to contest the seat of Cambridge in Parliament with Lord Henry Petty, then Chancellor of Exchequer. Defeated in this contest he took a seat for Bletchingly—a pocket borough. Afterward he represented Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In 1811 he first represented Cambridge. From 1835 until the time of his death he sat for Tiverton.

When Lord Palmerston entered Parliament Lord Grenville was Premier at the head of a Whig Administration, with Fox in the Foreign office and Erskine Chancellor. But the opposition of the King to the Catholic Disabilities Removing bill upset this government, and with the accession to power of Lord Portland Lord Palmerston came into office as Junior Lord of Admiralty. One of his first speeches in Parliament, if not his very first, in 1807, exhibited some degree of that talent in respect to Foreign Affairs, for which he became afterward so distinguished. Ponsonby had assailed the ministers on account of their diplomatic reticence in regard to the expedition sent to seize the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Palmerston defended the ministry, justifying its silence and the expedition at the same time—the latter on the ground that the enormous power of France enabled her to coerce a weaker state to become an enemy to England. In 1809, upon the accession of Mr. Percival as Premier, Palmerston was appointed Secretary-at-War, which office he held until 1828, under five successive administrations. We have an indication of his modesty in the fact that, having offered to him his choice of the Chancellorship, the position of Secretary-at-War, or a seat at the Treasury Board, he consulted with a statesman much his inferior (Mr. Plumer Ward) as to which of these positions he could most fitly and prudently fill. It was during his tenure of the war office that Lord Palmerston was shot at and wounded by a half-pay lieutenant named Davies.

At this period Lord Palmerston had little to say in the House of Commons except on matters relating to the army. When he did speak on other matters he sided with the Whigs rather than with the Tories. He followed closely in Canning's lead. There was a great difference between the two statesmen. Canning acted from principle, and would have supported his reform measures against any opposition. Palmerston acted upon practical grounds, and waited for conditions favorable to reform. He advocated Catholic emancipation with great force and clearness. But in the matter of Parliamentary reform he was backward; though always willing to yield as much as popular opinion demanded he was always sure to add not one tittle more.

In 1830 Palmerston succeeded Canning as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Tory Administration of Wellington had retired and the Whigs had come into power with Lord Grey at their head. Lord Palmerston now commenced a long career of distinction, as Foreign Minister of England, in which he sometimes met with opposition but was always triumphant. The London *Times* thus speaks of him at this period:

> He stepped into the post as unquestionably the right man in the right place, and during that ten years' run of power which the Reform Bill gave to the Whigs, he stood forth as the most brilliant member of the Cabinet, the man of men, the minister of ministers, the type and the glory of England. No English minister ever attained to more world-wide fame than he acquired in those and subsequent years of office. All over the globe his name was invoked as the symbol of English generosity and English omnipotence. The Bedouin of the Desert recognized in Palmerston Pashaw a being whom Allah had endowed with more than mortal power. The negro on the Guinea coast knew that Palmerston was his friend, and worked day and night against slavery. Brown in the backwoods of America, or in the gardens of Siam, felt that he had an infalli-

ble safeguard if he had PALMERSTON's passport to show. PALMERSTON, it was imagined, would move the whole force of the British empire in order that this Brown—*Civis Romanus*—might not be defrauded of his Worcester sauce amidst the ice of Siberia, or of his pale ale on the Mountains of the Moon. He could do any thing, and he would do every thing. Nothing great was accomplished without being attributed to him. He was supposed to have his pockets full of constitutions, to have a voice in half the Cabinets of Europe, to have monarchs past reckoning under his thumb. He humbled the Shah, he patronized the Sultan, he abolished the Mogul, he conquered the Brother of the Sun, he opened to the world the empire which had been walled round for centuries by impregnable barriers, he defied the Czar, and the Emperor of the French felt safe when he received the assurances of the brilliant Foreign Secretary.

Lord PALMERSTON, though opposed to the policy of interference in European affairs by physical force, had the most complete faith in the moral power of public opinion. It was as the exponent of the popular opinion of England that PALMERSTON had so great power. This power was exercised in the affairs of the Continent in the interest of Liberalism. The Republic of Belgium was established mainly through his influence. He took the part of the Greeks against the Turks, and more recently of the Italians against the Pope. He even went to the extent of an armed interference to prevent the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire by the Egyptian Pashaw. It was probably the brilliant success of this interference which alone made it palatable to the English people. Lord PALMERSTON made most strenuous efforts to suppress the slave-trade.

In 1841 Lord ABERDEEN succeeded PALMERSTON in the Foreign Office. Five years later the latter resumed the duties of Foreign Minister. These duties now became very difficult. PALMERSTON had to encounter great opposition both at home and abroad. His enemies succeeded in carrying a vote of censure in the House of Lords, but they failed in the Lower House. Lord PALMERSTON's speech in defense of his administration was considered the ablest which he ever delivered. Even Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was opposed to him, was forced to declare "We are all proud of him."

Lord PALMERSTON gave offense to the Queen in 1851 by his hasty recognition of NAPOLEON's *coup d'état*, and resigned. But in a few weeks he succeeded in upsetting the RUSSELL Administration. Lord DERBY then became Premier, and after him Lord ABERDEEN, whom PALMERSTON succeeded in 1855. Under the auspices of the latter peace was made with Russia in the following year. In 1858 Lord DERBY again became Premier, but the next year he gave way to PALMERSTON, who was at the head of the Government until his death.

Lord PALMERSTON was fifty-nine years in the House of Commons, and nearly four-fifths of that time he held office. His career is successful beyond that of any of his contemporaries. This was due to his practical experience, to his rare tact in all threatening crises, to his regard for public opinion, and, above all, to his thoroughly English nature.

Lord PALMERSTON married, in 1839, the sister of Lord MELBOURNE, and the widow of the fifth Earl COWPER. It was a happy union, and it is said to be due to his wife's social influence that a reconciliation was brought about between himself and Lord RUSSELL, thus preparing the way for the powerful combination of the late Administration.

## RAE GIFFORD.

### I.

CHRISTOPHER GIFFORD had married the druggist's daughter at Clouds, to show that he did not need to look out for rank or wealth in a wife, and that he did not care for being cut by the community; in fact, he preferred it, sure as he was of retaining the countenance of his one equal—his sister, Miss Gifford. The latter forgave her brother's low marriage, and tolerated Mrs. Gifford, because a Gifford could not do wrong; and continued to stay at home because nobody could arrange its household and order its domestic economy perfectly, as it had always been ordered, but a born Gifford or somebody very near a Gifford.

Mrs. and Miss Gifford, the sisters-in-law, were sitting at work together among the grim imitation-ebony chairs, and before the crazy work-table of the drawing-room. It was not five o'clock in the afternoon, but the table was set for tea—not the women's five-o'clock tea, in the anticipation of the six-o'clock dinner of the present generation—but the family tea of the past.

The two women were both young—about of an age—three and five-and-twenty, and ten and twelve years Christopher Gifford's juniors. They were dressed alike—in gray silk gowns, with little collars and cuffs; they were working at the same piece of work—two cotton squares for one crochet-quilt; but nothing could make them like sisters. All that was reached was the look of two entirely opposed soldiers in one uniform. Eunice was the elder. She was a handsome woman, with the clear-cut face of the Giffords. She did not look older than she was, or care-worn or unhappy, or even pettish; she looked fully alive, energetic, cheerful.

Mrs. Gifford (Rae, or Rachael Corbet, that had been) was another order of woman; she was low in stature and exaggerated the defect by stooping, or rather slouching over her work: had she raised herself it would have been evident that her neck, shoulders, and bust were fine. She was low-browed, with an olive complexion that clears to a glowing brown or gets thick and sodden, according to health of body and mind. Her eyes were not often seen, they were bent on her work as at present; at church, the only place where she appeared in public, she never lifted them from her prayer-book.

"Rae, what are you doing with that square?" cried Eunice, suddenly; "don't you see the sides are not even? It is out of shape; it will never fit."

"I did not notice: shall I pull it down again?" asked Mrs. Gifford, raising those frozen eyes, helplessly.

"Of course; you don't grudge the additional work, Rae; it would make an ugly blunder in the quilt," explained Eunice, condescendingly.

"Oh no; I had as lief pull down as pull up," answered Mrs. Gifford, stolidly, beginning to tug at the cotton.

"Not 'as lief,' as soon: the one is as easily said as the other. And take care, Rae, or you will have the whole square down: you know you can stop at the row which is amiss."

Eunice did her teaching gently, as a wise woman guides a child; and, taking the work from her sister-in-law's hand, put it right for her. When it was returned, Mrs. Gifford said, "Thank you," let it hang dangling from her fingers for a minute, and then began again to pick, pick at the loops, as if she had been set on a tread-mill for crocheting cotton, and, after a pause authorized by her jailer, had gone on again.

"She is little short of an idiot in practical matters, though she can learn theories well enough," meditated Eunice. "What would poor Christopher have done without me? What would become of the child, if it be spared? I wonder what he saw in her, a common, ignorant girl, very rustic, if not altogether vulgar—not even a beauty? a blurred face and slovenly figure, which repulse me. The lad Penn, her father's apprentice, gave her up, after keeping company with her, when he went away and got on in the world. Yet they called her 'taking,' at Clouds: in the town's phrase—'a wonderful taking girl was Joe Corbet's daughter: took strangers, took Penn, who was a young genius, took Mr. Gifford.' Ah! that was the great take, and the Giffords have been accustomed to please themselves. I suppose she has fallen off; but it is a mercy I am here to care for the comfort and respectability of the family."

Eunice broke off the thread of her reflections at this point, on the entrance of her brother, and the punctual appearance of the urn for tea.

Mr. Gifford was a gaunt man, with marked features, fine teeth standing apart, and a sprushed-up top of light hair, where gray could not be seen. He wore clothes made from the wool of his own sheep, spun, woven, cut, and stitched at Clouds; and, in consequence, rather coarse in their texture, dingy in their mixture of purple and brown, and clumsy in their form. But he was not ungentlemanlike. There was a little air of *noblesse oblige* about him; and he loved study in itself, though he loved his own attainments better.

"Rae," Eunice reminded the mistress of the house, "we are waiting for you." And Rae shuffled to the tray.

Mr. Gifford had good spirits and was talkative. His own family, with one member to sympathize with him and reply to him, was quite enough of an audience for him.

"I have been looking over the right-hand bookcase, Eunice," he remarked, as a subject of lively concern. "I think the books had better be shifted. I have all the Roman men there; they are valuable editions; I should not like them to suffer, and it is damp at that window. Indeed, I began to do a little; but I opened Virgil where my old friend was leaving Carthage, and here I have just quitted his ship's company."

"I am aware Virgil is a favorite of yours, Christopher, since you used to translate him for me. You have not done it this long while."

"Wait till the winter nights come," answered Mr. Gifford, much gratified: flattered both in his love of consequence and his love of study. "I hope we will not set you to sleep, Rae?" he added, "Have another trout? No? Try the brown bread?"

"No, thank you; and I never sleep on a chair."

"That is scarcely complimentary," retorted her husband, dryly; but only a little dryly. "You remember something about Æneas. Come, tell us, Rae," Awaiting the information.

"He founded a city," said Rae, briefly.

"So he did. Any thing more?"

"He was blind."

"But not when he wooed queen Dido."

"I found the *siléne quinquevülnera* to-day, Christopher," announced his sister, shortly afterward.

"Ah! did you?" he exclaimed, with interest, putting down his cup; "a sufficient specimen?"

"Yes, I think so; and I am inclined to maintain, in spite of the authorities, that it is a distinct genera. Not only are the petals marked, but the styles differ. I bade Rae notice it, as it was a good study for her, and she thinks her father used to gather it."

"Indeed. I wish you could be particular Rae," he suggested. "Precision in details is absolutely necessary in botany, and in every thing else, if you would have a well-ordered mind," he counseled her.

Unless, in its supreme patronage, there was no fault to be found with Christopher Gifford's treatment of his wife. He had been disappointed in her; not that he over-estimated the social sacrifices he had made for her, or that they came to gall him. But after being "taken" with Rachael Corbet, according to the saying of which Eunice had been thinking, he had reckoned on moulding Rachael to his tastes and habits.

Christopher Gifford did not take his mistake too deeply to heart. He was accountable to nobody, and in the seclusion of his life few witnessed his failure. Besides, Christopher Gifford was too much of a man and a gentleman to visit any chagrin he felt by harshness and unkindness to Rae; and the hope of an heir filled him with pride and gentleness.

### II.

CHRISTOPHER GIFFORD had returned to his library, and Eunice was in her own room, when she heard the postman's ring, without its being followed by any business letters to her or to Christopher, whose sanctum was next door to hers. Servants were always getting letters now; she wished they were always profitable letters, Eunice said to herself, and went on with an inventory she was engaged in, until the blue of the afternoon sky had deepened to its evening purple, and the last cow had left the fields for the yard. Then she went, with her light, swift, assured step, down stairs, and entered the drawing-room; but stopped after the first step across the threshold.

Mrs. Gifford was there, seated in the window-seat, catching the last beams of the failing light, with an open letter on her knee. It was not the letter which struck Eunice—for her sister-in-law, at intervals few and far between, got letters from Australia—but something she could not on the instant fix upon, strange in the aspect of the orderly room. The next moment she saw a chair and footstool were pushed out of their places, and the piece of the quilt Rae had been poring over was thrown down on the floor, with the cotton warped backward and forward, as if somebody had passed blindly across the room, dragging it from chair to chair.

"Rae, you have dropped your work, and let the cotton get into a tangle: you should take better care of it. The square will not look nice when it is so often pulled down, or when the thread is broken and joined; and it is far from nice to work it when it is soiled." Eunice advanced, after stooping to pick up the work, then she stood still again and spoke abruptly, "Rae, what is it? What have you heard? What has happened?"

Rae sat up, grasping the letter in her hands; her face was a ruddy brown; her eyes—those cold, blue-gray eyes—were bright and glistening, and looking straight into Eunice's face, piercing it, burning into it, with their intelligence.

"Matt Penn has written, Miss Gifford," gasped Rae, going back with a jerk of the body and a fevered step to the old table. "He never thought to give me up. He did not pass the first examination, and he could not stand to write that he had lost. He waited till he had gained. He was always a proud lad."

Eunice remained standing, and looking down on her brother's wife without a shade of a blush reflected on the ivory white of her cheek. Her mouth, always straight and thin-lipped, closed hard, and narrowed to a faint red line.

"Why do you tell me this, Rae? What do I know of Matthew Penn, except that he served me once or twice in your father's shop? He may have written to you not knowing the event that has taken place." Eunice turned the back of the letter without opposition. Sure enough it was addressed, "Rachael Corbet, Joseph Corbet, Druggist, Clouds." "But what is it to you?" Eunice spoke in a tone of low, cold, wondering remonstrance. She touched Rae on the arm; and the very touch, though light, fell on the fevered, thrilling flesh chill, unimpressionable, unyielding as iron.

Rae's fully-opened eyes waxed wider, and at the same time a film descended over them, and a moaning quiver ran through her body.

"I had forgotten. I had a mind that I could have just risen and gone to him," she said, in a high-strained key. "I thought it were all as one when I wedded, whether I obeyed father and mother, and took Mr. Gifford at his word, or went away across the sea beyond the reach of Matt's repentance; but oh! I see it is a fell difference."

"I am shocked," Eunice interposed, sternly. "But say no more, and I will not mention your foolish words to my brother. I could not repeat them to him, and yet you could say them to me! You must compose yourself, Rae"—as Mrs. Gifford began to rock herself with a feeble, crushed, wailing sound—"or else I can not conceal this exposure. You will hurt yourself. Think of your state; think of your child."

Rae screamed at that word a short sharp cry, as if Eunice had stabbed her, and fell back, trembling in every limb, with a horrified, scared expression, blotting out the pain in her face, and replacing it by other and deeper suffering.

Eunice was not easily frightened, but she was frightened now, too frightened to rebuke and protest any more.

After a while, when Mrs. Gifford remained still, except for a feeble effort to draw up the apron she was in the habit of muffling her hands with to cover her face, Eunice asked whether she would not go to her room; and taking no refusal as a consent, put her arm round Rae—a dead weight on Eunice's arm—and assisted her to rise and proceed to the dark, frigid room, with the heavy stuff bed; helped her to bed, and sat beside her there till she saw the eyes—dull with more than their old despair, the secret they had petrified at their source—close like lead, and not till then quitted her.

The next day, to Eunice's relief, Mrs. Gifford wandered into the drawing-room as usual, and began anew—with her half-closed eyes, and her half-apart lips, and a little shiver now and then, as if she felt colder than formerly—like another Sisyphus, to roll her stones of rows up her mountain of white crochet cotton-work.

### III.

MR. GIFFORD's place was always staid and dull; but early this October morning there was a stillness about it that was not of life. Death had crossed the threshold with the first nip of frost which turned the trees hectic, and fixed his bony clutch where it is most felt, on the head of the house: he who has the right and the will to rule and defend and keep together the rest. Christopher Gifford had rusted in his cherished leisure, aged before his time, and died in his place by a stroke, as such men are apt to die, leaving some to mourn and more to miss him.

One person besides the servants was stirring. The new-made widow, worn with fatigue and awed with the blow which had fallen, was standing at one of the curtained windows with her three-year-old child in her arms. A longing arose in the widow's heart—impulsive as Eunice had called it, but with all its impulses long ice-bound—to go out with her child and breathe the cold, keen air. Rae got her ordinary bonnet and her little girl's prim hood, and walked abroad—with small remark from the servants, who had come to regard her as an out-of-the-way body, rather beneath their notice—into the watery sunshine, and along the road where webs of spun film were hanging from the dank, crimson-tipped leaves, and a robin was singing its solitary song. Rae had no thought of irreverence to the dead. She was an unconventional being, to whom manners could not easily be taught. And both she and the child wanted air and light, space and freedom, after close confinement; for Rae had watched during the last fortnight, with little intermission, at Eunice's side, by her husband's pillow. She was mourning, too, in a stunned, self-reproachful, simple way for her husband, from whom she had never known any thing but friendly dictation, and affection for their child.

"Miss Gifford has sent me for you and the child," said a servant, advancing, and recalling Mrs. Gifford to the house.

Rae returned immediately, and met Eunice at the drawing-room door. The same neat, exemplary Eunice throughout all her attention on a sick-bed, ending in the baffling mystery of death, with only her eyelids red for the brother she had clung to, her sole kindred, save the child in Rae's arms.

"You must stay within doors, Rae, for the present," said Eunice, with the tone of mild decision she had always used to her sister-in-law. "If baby frets, Barbara or Hannah can carry her out."

Rae obeyed, as implicitly as in the days when she was a wife, and she had even a more frightened look in her face now; while Eunice commanded herself to see her late brother's lawyer, and to give thought to her own and the widow's mourning.

Mr. Gifford's will was to the general mind a mild and reasonable one. He left his estate, burdened with an inconsiderable annuity to his widow in life-rent, to his sister, to pass on her death to his only child. And Miss Gifford was a very superior woman, getting mature in years and able for the business intrusted to her. Mrs. Gifford was nobody and nothing. The public were apprised of Mr. Gifford's failure, quiet as he had kept it. The wonderfully taking girl, who had been deemed bright and original as she played about the streets of Clouds, and as she walked in the twilight hours with Matt Penn, the genius who was raising himself and was going to raise her, had proved, in the sudden lift in life which had appeared to realize the anticipation, a poor-spirited, inapt, incapable woman. Mr. Gifford had done well by his household to leave it under the care of his sister. Miss Gifford accepted the trust willingly; she had no positive dislike to her sister-in-law, if at first there had been some natural repugnance never broadly displayed, existing in the two toward each other.

It never entered Eunice's head that no account would be required of her; that her pupils would slip their bonds, steal a march on her, and leave her with her kingdom. Eunice would hardly believe it, when a week after the funeral, without apprising any body of her intention, Mrs. Gifford left in the misty morning, before even the farm people were about, walking and carrying Delia, and placing a letter on the lobby table for Miss Gifford.

The letter said:

"I know you will be angry with me, Miss Gifford; but I can not help it. I thank you for all you have done for me, and more you have intended to do, as I would thank Mr. Gifford if he were here still. I have taken nothing belonging to you and Mr. Gifford but Delia. I know she is not all mine, I know you have a share in her, and you have been very kind to her; but I must have my child to myself, though it is not quite fair. Think of a mother's heart and forgive me. At the same time, I will not do any thing to disgrace Delia; I will try to grow a fitter mother for her. I was brought up to work for myself; I am quite able to work for my child. I want you to know that it was nothing in Mr. Gifford's will which made me act as I am doing. He did quite right, only he could not know; and I would have done it any how as soon as my marriage vow was loosed. You know that I can not express myself as you would, but you will understand that I beg your pardon and pray God to bless you, Eunice Gifford.

RACHAEL GIFFORD."

Surprise was Eunice's first sentiment. Yet it was like Rae—that singularly unpractical woman, who had only been well off because she had been in good hands—the whole eccentric proceeding was like Rae, and so was the absurd supposition that she could renounce the future inheritance for Christopher Gifford's daughter. Eunice did not so much mind the ingratitude toward herself, neither had she for some time any great fear of the consequences of the foolish act. "They will soon turn up again," she said. And she remained firm in her opinion.

It was with consternation that Eunice—growing gradually alarmed at the continued absence of any tidings of Rae and Delia—learned that, after the direct resort to the railway station and journey twenty miles beyond Clouds, all trace of the couple vanished, and could not, after a lapse of time, with the utmost pains, be recovered. Eunice had to suffer the nine days' scandal, and to admit, as months passed, that she had lost sight of her brother's child and representative, little Delia, and reflect, with a pang which long mingled gall and wormwood with her own diet, that while she dwelt in peace and respectability these poor creatures, in their weakness, might be faring badly.

### IV.

"DR. PENN, Miss Gifford; Miss Gifford, Dr. Penn."

The man and the woman introduced, on one of the rare occasions when Eunice went into company, looked at each other with interest. There was cause of controversy between them, and there was ground for sympathy. Eunice Gifford had fellow-feeling with this man. Too proud to fear his past—after eight years' work as a professional man—he returned to Clouds. Eunice admired Dr. Penn's knowledge, so much more simply held than Christopher's had been; his manly power, a certain breadth in his conclusions. She was enough of a woman to be pleased with his person, that had outgrown the traits of the plain, precocious lad, who had ground at a pestle and mortar, hard words, classes, and genera, except during the charmed moments he had in the old time lingered with Rachael Corbet. He was a man now, with the seal of nature's nobility stamped on his irregular features. Eunice wondered how such a one, even as a druggist's lad, could have had an infatuation for Rae Gifford.

Dr. Penn, on his part, could not help valuing Eunice Gifford's clear head, her application and perseverance, the species of single-heartedness and gallantry which had made and kept her a student of solid old books, a naturalist who knew bugle from ground ivy and a tomtit from a wren, all alone in her tastes since her brother died, among the fussy, pretentious, or milk-and-water ladies about Clouds. Eunice, too, was of a type which improves with a certain number of years. She had passed the expectation of glow and brightness. Her well-defined features were rather mellowed than become shrew-

ish. A handsome woman of a certain age, bearing the indexes of a sensible, equable, occupied, and healthy temperament. Perhaps Dr. Penn, in his superiority, held also the Clouds' traditional respect for Miss Gifford.

A week after their introduction Dr. Penn met Miss Gifford on one of the quiet field roads, showed her the yellow fumitory, and a relative of the purple emperor—rare in these parts, and offered to send or bring their fellows to her.

Within a few months Dr. Penn visited her freely as an intimate friend, and the country neighbors fixed that Eunice Gifford would at last change her state, and pronounced the match a fair one.

Dr. Penn was sitting in his study at Clouds; and so courageous or careless was he in facing his antecedents that he had bought the very shabby, tumble-down house which he had inhabited, with the rest of the family, as an apprentice to Joe Corbet the druggist. The doctor was reading in the height of the forenoon. A ring came to the door-bell, and the Doctor's servant interrupted him with the vague communication, "A person wants to see you, Sir."

"What sort of person?" inquired Dr. Penn, mindful of a brother practitioner's rights.

"A better sort of a person, Sir; a woman; and she has a girl; and she said, 'Is Dr. Penn at home? Can I see Dr. Penn?'"

"There is no mistake—there, show her in."

The Doctor had only to wait a moment, when—under the broad light of the April noon sun, casting golden motes on her black dress, and striking the hair under her bonnet and bringing out its auburn woof—Rae Gifford walked into her old home, Matthew Penn's house, leading her daughter Delia.

"Rae! Mrs. Gifford!" stammered the Doctor, starting up and bowing his visitor to a seat. He was much excited, and his heart was beating tumultuously. Rae, whom he had known as a girl, touched by a straw and transparent as crystal, was prepared and composed in comparison.

"I have come to you, Sir, to ask your help for my girl. I was sure you would help her if you could."

Then Dr. Penn recognized the old Rae, in the unbounded faith in his abilities, the unqualified devotion to the object of her affection, which could bring her back to Clouds, to him and Eunice; which could cure her stubbornness, and cause her to destroy the one independent plot and act of her life to rescue Delia from real or imaginary evil.

He looked at Rae. Time had dealt harder with her than with him and Eunice Gifford, and her widow's dress made her look still darker and thinner; but the face remained a unique face, with the changing light of the hair; the steel-blue eyes, which could give out clear, warm sparks like steel; the mouth which he kept seeing tender and mobile as a child's now that it was still. "Right." Matthew Penn had the comfort of telling himself that he and the little town of Clouds and pompous Christopher Gifford had all been right; he had not seen such another face over land and sea.

"Thank you, Mrs. Gifford," he was saying, formally; "I will do all in my power for your daughter; I am sorry she should need my help." And with that he looked at Delia.

The rosy, bold, frank child of two or three had grown into a pale, shy little girl of nine, with her head dangling very much on one side, the only analogy that remained between her and her mock shepherdess's name.

Rae began eagerly to detail the child's symptoms of weakness as if she had lost all consciousness in her care for her darling.

But Matthew Penn was a humane man and somewhat of an enthusiast in his beneficent calling. He bent his mind to see a little patient—not Rae's child, with features of Christopher Gifford's, which it stung him yet to acknowledge—to understand the case, treating it strictly as a case of suffering childhood. When he had mastered the account and formed his judgment he drew Rae a little aside and spoke gravely and abstractedly, like a simple physician.

"I think I can help her—I hope so; but it can only be after a long trial. It is my duty to tell you she is suffering from what is always a lingering complaint, but not incurable, not necessarily incurable. If I am to do her any good I must attend her for weeks and months." Here the Doctor broke down, and the man spoke out short, sharp, and decisive. "Rae, she must go to her natural home, to her own house, and to her aunt, Miss Gifford. It is impossible that she can remain here under other circumstances."

"I will go there if Eunice will take me in to wait upon my girl. I know she will receive Delia, and I think she will let me in to see after the child," said Rae, resolutely.

Dr. Penn gave Rae no assurance, but he turned to his desk and wrote—

"DEAR MISS GIFFORD,—Mrs. Gifford and her child have just come to me. The child is in a bad state of health, and the mother has had a fancy, a superstition, that I could cure her. You had better come and fetch them away immediately, in case of any change of mind on Mrs. Gifford's part. Yours faithfully,

"M. PENN."

Eunice answered the appeal at once in person, to the great glorification of the Clouds gossips.

"So you have come at last, Rae; let me see my brother's child," was all the reproach Eunice made before she conveyed the two home.

V.

EUNICE, without being unkind, took far less notice of Rae than Delia. However Eunice's mind might have been diverted from its abiding care, she was much taken up about the child, and not only with her health, in which she could not credit there was any thing far wrong—it was nothing worse than a temporary disorder brought about by the mismanagement of the ignorant mother. There were so many other things to be looked to—Delia's mind, manners, habits; every thing to be done over again to fit her for growing up such a girl as Eunice would have her.

But just when the cowslips were nodding in golden tufts in the fields for the little girl to pluck and dry in pedantic play, since she was too old to toss them in cowslip balls; and streams of new milk were flowing for her to bathe in, if need were for the waste; and her Aunt Eunice was ready to employ for her private benefit all her sound, well-digested theories of early hours, mingled exercise, and study, Delia was fast bound to the narrow house of her father's grave.

"When may Delia be able to sit up again, Dr. Penn? This lying on her back does not seem to agree with her. I half think I know her weaker every day," Rae said to the Doctor one May morning, when she had followed him to the drawing-room, where he was consulting sadly with Eunice, in order to read his face with eyes straining themselves, yet recoiling in anguish from what they were to read there.

"Yes, she is a great deal weaker," said Dr. Penn, very curtly and gravely. "Should you like me to bring another doctor, Mrs. Gifford?"

"No; why should I?" She set her mouth to repel the suggestion.

Dr. Penn was very white, and he put up his hand to his mouth.

"Because I am very sorry—I am afraid—"

"Don't say it, Matthew Penn! How can you be so cruel? Oh! spare me, spare me—don't tell me that!" cried Rae, putting out her hands to stop him. "I came to you to cure her, because I believed in you after all; and you will kill me also if you tell me that I must give up my girl, my little lamb, the only one thing on earth I have to care for. How can you expect me to bear it?" Rae resisted madly.

"Rae, these are most improper words. This is most unbecoming conduct to Dr. Penn. Do you think no one suffers with you in your selfish sorrow?" cried Eunice, more harshly than she had ever spoken to her sister-in-law.

But Dr. Penn put her aside quickly and caught Mrs. Gifford by the arm. "Rae," he said, piteously, "I could do no more. Don't give way thus. While there is life there is hope. Do you hear me, Rae?—you used to heed me. Heaven may interpose."

While he was speaking nearly as desperate words as Rae's the mother thought she heard a call from Delia, and changed in a second from love's fury to smile in its sublime despair, as she broke away from him to go back and stand by her child's bedside.

"Oh God!" he said, low, looking after her, "I wish I could comfort her."

Eunice Gifford gazed on the two—gazed on him with a white, stony face, and a gathering intelligence in her eyes which blighted every thing they looked on in the old, familiar, beloved house more than the news of Delia's fate. Eunice, whom nobody was watching, of whom nobody was thinking, quitted the room with a step goaded on by what she left behind. She went and locked herself in her room, and withdrew from all charge and nursing of the dying child.

When Eunice reappeared it was because Delia, flinging out every tendril of her heart, in a way common to the dying, summoned her. Even then Eunice came reluctantly, and with her clear ivory features all drawn and tremulous from recent conflict.

Delia had that divine maturity or inspiration which sometimes precedes a little child's death. The senseless little one had unspoken notice of her condition; the shy, loving child was timid no longer, and was calm in her affection, while those who had been her older, wiser friends were awed into restraining their shivering, sobbing grief.

Delia sat supported by her pillows like a little woman, or rather like a tiny angel who had somehow had its wings soiled, and trailing with affliction, but who had shaken them free. She told her mother not to be too sorry for her. She said she was going to a better home. She thanked Dr. Penn, and bade him kiss her and say good-by; and then she turned and cast her eyes on Eunice, with a little break in her perfect composure and appreciation of her rôle.

"How vexed Aunt Eunice must be to part with me, to make her look like that!" said Delia, in a perplexed tone. And Eunice bowed her stiff neck and hid her assured face. "Don't be so vexed, Aunt Eunice," the child commanded, recovering herself; "be friends with mother, be friends without me." And then she died.

Another spring's grass was green over Delia's grave, and Rae still lived with Eunice, and Dr. Penn continued to come there, with full permission from the latter.

"I see it all," said Eunice; "speak to her." And then she added, with a stretch of fancy for Eunice Gifford, who was softer and more indulgent since her own ramparts had been broken down ever so little for ever so short a time, "I believe you two have been designed for each other. I don't mean to say that she is worthy of you, Dr. Penn, I don't pretend that any more than I pretended it to Christopher; but you have never got over your separation, and will never be happy till you come together."

Dr. Penn took advantage of Rae's pensive custom of strolling in the fields, where she had carried her baby, and spoke to the purpose, reminding her of his own false pride which had first tried her beyond her strength, and assuring her that, while he might have been unjustly indignant and resentful, he had never yet been able in the worldly triumph of his life to forget the loveliest and most devoted woman he had known.

The words were foolishness to Rae, but she was not resentful—had never been resentful, and it was in self-depreciation she implored him,

"Don't ask me to forget my darling, Matthew Penn."

"Ah! Rae, you know nothing of it," the Doctor exclaimed, with sorrowful passion. You women are all egotists. Your darling was yours while you had her. Think what it must be to have a darling who was another's, and who has forgotten you?"

His words wrung from Rae a great and bitter cry.

"I never forgot you, Matthew; I tried, and it half broke my heart; but I could not do it—forgetfulness was not in me. But when I got my child I could live for her and I could die for her. When I came back and heard you were courting Eunice Gifford I thought it was something more I had got to do for little Delia, and I could have done it—I, who would have died for her—to brook to see you and Eunice man and wife."

Dr. Penn said no more of women's egotism.

"Come home, Rae, to your own old home, which I have occupied for you—which I have prepared for you." And his eyes lightened, for he knew she could not choose but come.

The Doctor's prosperity was no longer hollow, nor his study cheerless. Clouds had reason to declare afresh that Joe Corbet's girl was a wonderfully taking girl—a wonderfully taking woman and lady. Eunice cried, another prodigy! Her old drag, Rae, was sagacious and brilliant as her husband. Little children, with Delia's face, clasped the long-suffering Doctor's neck, and heard from him, as from their mother, of the little sister who had clasped it before them, and bidden him good-by, and helped to bring their father and mother together.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### IMPORTANT TO THE LOWE-LY MINDED!

HOUSES GONE UP!—NEW ERA IN BAL-LUNACY!!

WE understand that *Professor Lowe*, the great bal-lunatic and here-or-not, to meet the demand for homes in New York, will arrange a range of balloons for residences.

The space above the city is laid out in aerial avenues and streets, corresponding to those on the ground. The avenues are named from the bodies of the solar system —"Sun Avenue," "Mercury Avenue," etc.—while the names of the streets are taken from the fixed stars. The balloon dwellings front upon these avenues and streets—forming the parlor story of the city, and making the inhabitants of the ground live in a-basement.

Those who wish an elevated situation, and all who have difficulty in "raising the wind," will prefer these residences. So will sportsmen—as every tenant will have his own pair o' shoots. Those balloons overhanging the Croton Reservoir offer obvious opportunities for fishing.

These dwellings are offered without rents, as rents would allow a dangerous escape of gas.

Gas and water (when it rains) will be put in every dwelling. No pains (except panes of glass) will be spared to secure perfect ventilation.

An easy and economical mode of access and egress is by jumping. But rope-ladders and hanging baskets are also provided.

The dwellings will be ready on the first of next April.

Professor Lowe, in deference to the advice of friends, has had his name changed to Professor High.

For further information address a note of inquiry to Professor High, No. 1001 Mars Avenue, and send it up by a kite.

### OLD SAWS NEW SET.

Least broken soonest paid for. (Recommended to the notice of servants of all work addicted to the grave offense of smashing.)

Rolling stock gathers no dividend.

It is never too late to repair. (Said to have been originated by some humble tailor.)

Keep your breath to cool your Revalenta Arabica.

The better the client the better the deed.

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An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months of age I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to revenge herself upon my parents for some fancied injury at her hands, one day *swapped me away* for another boy, belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain-looking."

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"A THING THE WORLD WOULD NOT WILLINGLY LET DYE"—A lady whose hair is already pretty-colored.

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THE COW-KEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Milky Way.

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Two sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called out to the other: "Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squaze the *divil* out o' ye." "Would you, indade, my boy?" was the answer. "Squaze the divil out o' *you*, an' there'd be *nothing left!*"

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Woman is said to be a mere delusion, but it is sometimes pleasant to hug delusions.

### OBJECT TEACHING.

"First class in Philosophy of Common Things, come up, and recite. John, how many legs has a quadruped?"

"Six legs, Sir."

"How do you make that out?"

"He has fore (four) legs in front, and two behind, Sir."

"Right. Now, Sam! Where does the sun rise?"

"In the east, Sir."

"What makes him rise in the east?"

"I suppose the (y) east makes him rise, Sir."

"Very good. Now, Jake, spell brandy with only three letters."

"O d v" (eau de vie).

"No. Next."

"B r and y."

"Right. Next boy. Why is a cat like the Empress of France?"

"Because there's a queer tale about 'er."

"No. Next."

"Because the cat has fur the[illegible]eon, and the Empress is further off."

"Wrong. Next."

"Because they both are fond of a Nap."

"Right. You've all answered very well, and all of you may go to the head."

BOYS IN CHORUS.—"How can we all go to the head?"

TEACHER.—"Why, you little fools, each of you go to his own head."

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An *enfant terrible* once asked a lady if the person living in the next house to her was an idiot. "Not that I know of," replied the lady. "Why do you ask, child?" "Because," said the child, "mamma says you are next door to a idiot."

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"Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of mine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother. "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

---

A CONNUBIAL KNOT.—An old lady had married a young and rather fast man. On one occasion, shortly after their marriage, the husband was about to set off on a journey. His wife accompanied him to the railway station, and there bade him adieu. "Charles," she said, "remember that you are married." "Caroline," he rejoined, with alacrity, "I will make a memorandum of it." And he at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

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At a recent meeting of a parish a strait-laced and most exemplary curate submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, reverend Sir," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

---

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator, "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who said. "He meant *arrah* coming out of it."

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Ben Jonson said of a certain lawyer who died: "He has simply gone to stay with his best client."

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CLERICAL INGENUITY.—A clergyman has shown recently the power of stating debtor or creditor account better than has ever been done by even the most intelligent accountant. In his new church he has two distinct pews, one side of the church being for those who have paid pew rent, who are his creditors, the other side having pews for those who do not pay pew rent—that, is the reverend gentleman's debtors.

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BREAD FOR USE.—"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and jam on it."

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Poor consolation for us survivors that "the good die first."

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For a nation to be largely in debt, is, in the nature of things, much to its credit.

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Why is a stock gambler like a railroad train?—Because he may be expected to smash up at any moment.

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The woman who rushed to a soldier's "arms" has been sent to prison for having Government property in her possession.

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"There, now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

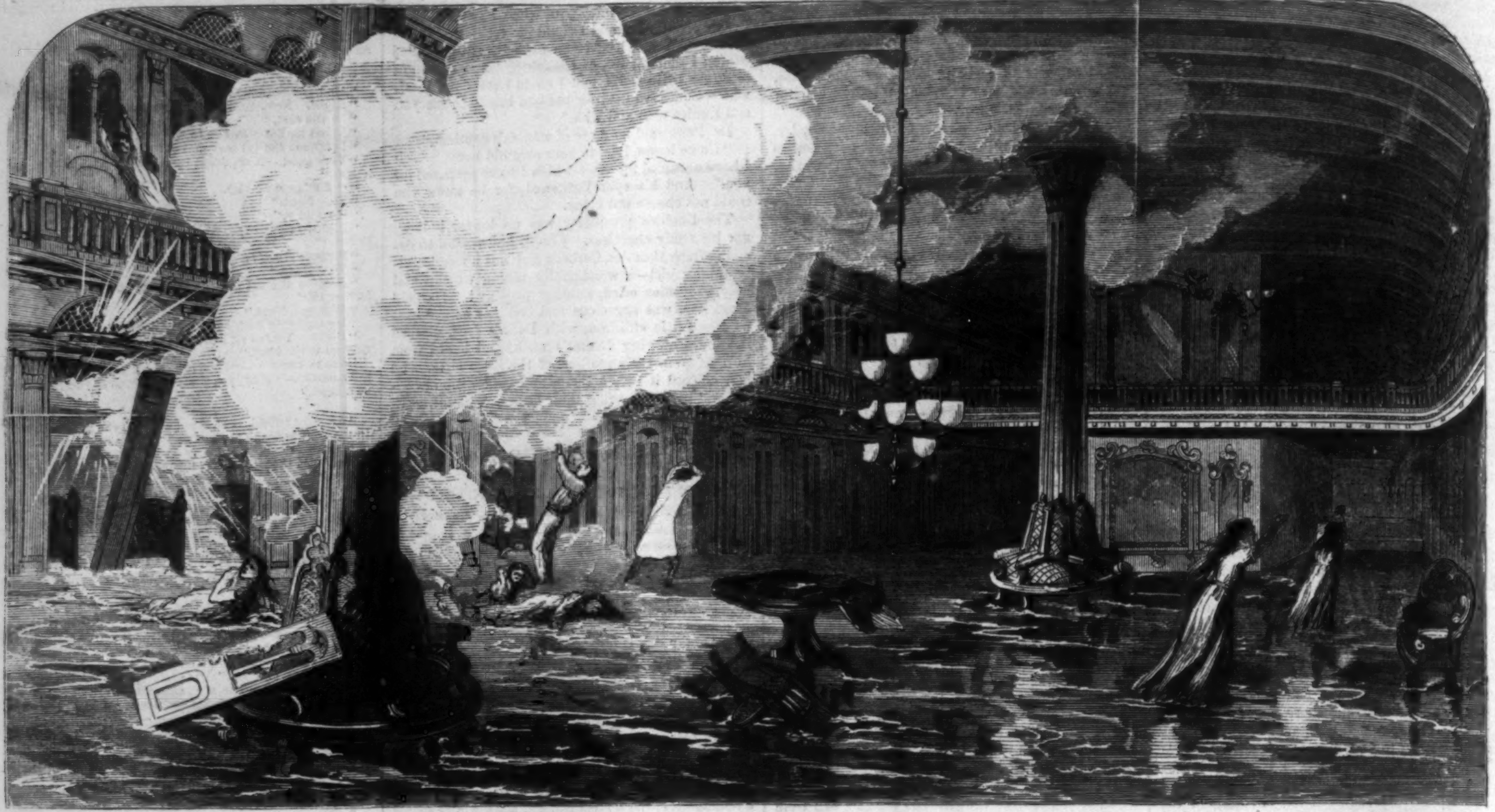
---

"You cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well, drop them, dear."

PRETTY INNOCENT!

LITTLE JESSIE. "Mamma! Why do all the Railroad Tunnels smell so strong of Brandy?"

[*The Lady sitting next never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.*]



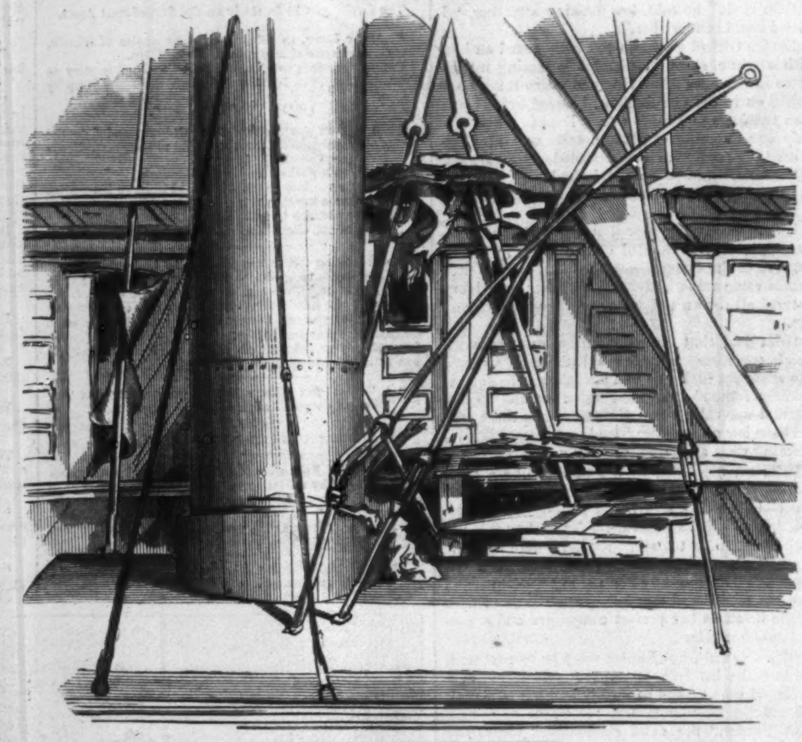
EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER ON BOARD THE "ST. JOHN," OCTOBER 29, 1865—SCENE IN THE MAIN SALOON.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN P. NEWELL.]

## EXPLOSION ON THE "ST. JOHN."

WE give on this page three illustrations relating to the recent distressing catastrophe on board the steamer *St. John.* This boat is one of the finest river boats in the world, and plies between Albany and New York. On the morning of Sunday the 29th ult., as she had arrived opposite Thirtieth Street on the way to her landing at Canal Street in this city, her boiler burst, and thirty tuns of scalding water with an immense volume of steam rushed through the huge fissure in the boiler into the state-room hall, carrying destruction in its track. Almost instantly nine persons were killed. The state-rooms in the immediate vicinity of the boiler were completely destroyed, and their inmates were killed. The boiler on one side being empty the vessel careened over on her other side, and the pool of scalding water followed the motion of the boat toward the opposite state-rooms. At the moment of the accident many fell victims to the destroying current by opening the doors of their state-rooms to discover what was the matter, and were stifled and scalded by the steam.

The scene in the main saloon, as presented by our artist, was heart-rending. Frightened passengers leaped barefoot into the hot water. Poor, struggling creatures lay helpless and bruised, tossing in unutterable agony.

Among the fatally injured were Captain F. J. LYON and his wife, MARY IMOGENE LYON. When the explosion took place Mr. and Mrs. LYON, both undressed, rushed into the state-room hall. At that time the hall was full of steam, and both were fearfully scalded. They had been married only three days, and were returning from their wedding-trip to Albany only to be buried in the Church of St. Luke's, where they had been married. Besides those killed fifteen were severely injured. JOSEPH LAMBERT, fireman, rushed overboard when the explosion took place and was drowned. Mr. REYNOLDS and his child were providentially saved, having left their state-room just before the accident.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE STATE-ROOMS OVER THE BOILER.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN P. NEWELL.]

The wife and mother, however, was left behind, and was among the killed.

The Hoboken ferry-boat *Morristown*, seeing the signal of distress flying, went to the assistance of the unfortunate passengers, and succeeded in taking a large number of them off the steamer and landing them safely; while those on shore did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the scalded, and tried to make the others as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

A coroner's investigation has been held, but no satisfactory result can be attained from the evidence presented.

Mr. NORMAN WIARD of 46 Pine Street, New York, has written a paper upon boiler explosions, which is of great interest in connection with this disaster. These explosions, he says, are *not* due,

*1st*, to the direct pressure of steam, for it is not the weakest part that gives way; nor,

*2d*, to the decomposition of steam, giving it the quality and character of an explosive gas; nor,

*3d*, to the overheating of the boiler-plates; nor,

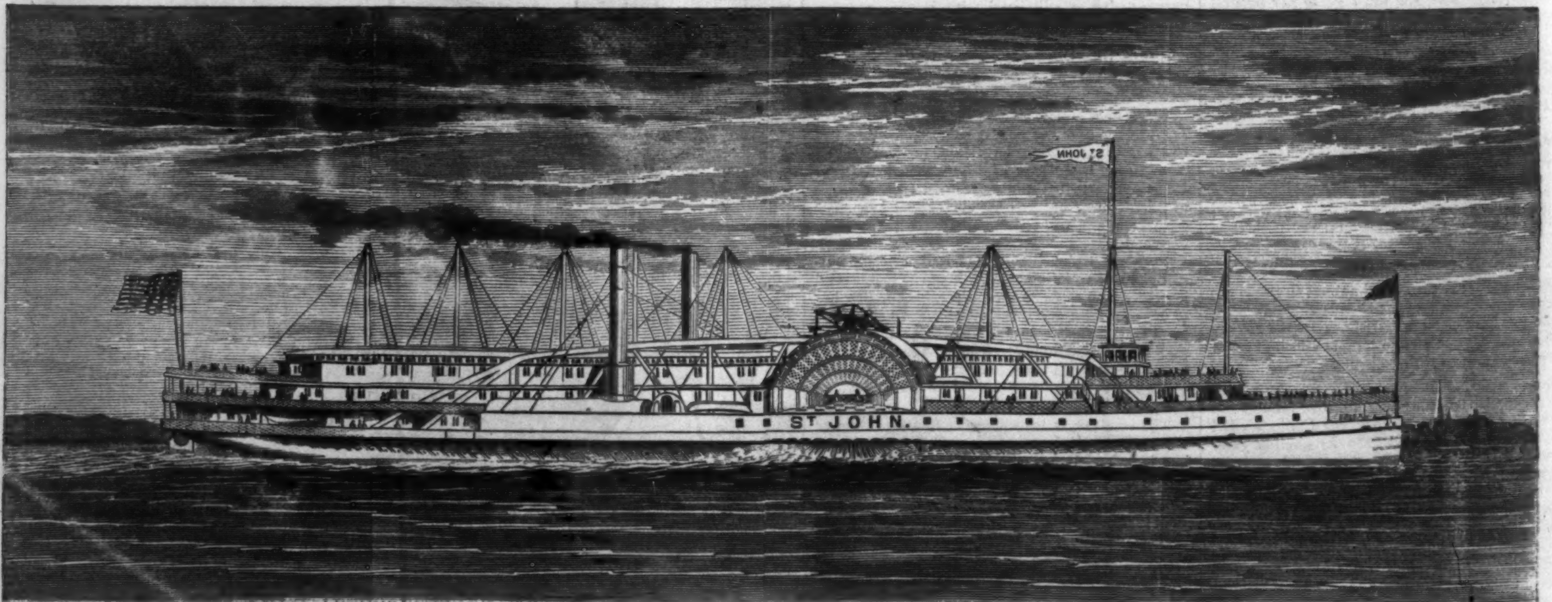
*4th*, to the increased pressure of steam from injecting water up on heated plates after the water has been low for a previous time, since not enough extra steam is produced in this way; nor,

*5th*, to the projection of a large amount of "solid water" with momentum against the shell of the boiler, when the pressure is relieved suddenly from the surface; nor,

*6th*, to the mysterious action of electricity; nor,

*7th*, to a new sudden increase of steam from the overheating of steam, plates, and stays, the surplus heat being communicated to the water.

Mr. WIARD attributes these explosions to the unequal expansion of the boiler plates, they being heated in one part more than in another, while there is the ordinary or less than the ordinary steam pressure. Successive unequal expansions of this sort in some particular part permanently weaken the iron in that part, and hence the explosion. Mr. WIARD considers this to have been the cause of the explosion on the *St. John.*




THE HUDSON RIVER STEAMER "ST. JOHN."

EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, October 8, 1865—VIEW ON THE CORNER OF BATTERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS.—[Sketched by C. L. Bugbee.

## EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We illustrate on this page the recent earthquake in San Francisco, the most severe shock of the kind ever known in that city.

The shock occurred at 1.15 p.m., October 8, frightening almost the entire population from their houses into the streets. During half a minute there were two tremendous shocks, which caused the buildings to rock to and fro in a manner altogether alarming. It was on Sunday, and services were just over in the churches; the congregation of the Unitarian church was being dismissed when the shock commenced, and the excitement among the women and children threatened serious consequences. The rush from the Catholic church on Vallejo Street was so great that the doors to the main entrance were carried away, and several persons were injured by being trampled upon. The walls of many buildings were cracked in several places, and more or less plastering fell from perhaps half the ceilings in the city. The cornices and fire walls fell from many buildings.

We show in one of our sketches the injury done to a building on Third and Mission streets. Two-thirds of the front fell into the street, and a small section of the side into an adjoining building. The rear wall of the upper story fell upon and through a frame building nearest to it. Another illustration which we give is a view of the two-story brick building on the northwest corner of Sacramento and Battery streets. Here the front of the upper story fell out. The motion of the shock appeared to be from east to west. The tide, as is usual in such cases, rose to an unusual height.

EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 8, 1865—VIEW ON THE CORNER OF THIRD AND MISSION STREETS.
[Sketched by C. L. Bugbee.]

## VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY.

On this page we give a sketch, by our Richmond artist, of the Virginia State Penitentiary at Richmond. It has been in existence a good number of years, having been enlarged and devoted to the services of the State, in its present capacity, as far back as 1800. It is capable of accommodating 300 prisoners, and at the time of the evacuation of Richmond contained 287 within its gloomy

THE VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]

walls. On that eventful Sunday which saw the general break-up of Confederate authority in Richmond, these prisoners were under the care of Governor SMITH and the public guard; but the latter being compelled to withdraw on the approach of the Federal troops, the prisoners took the law into their own hands, broke up and made instruments of escape out of their iron bedsteads, set fire to the building—a portion of which is yet in ruins—ransacked the place, taking every thing valuable they could find, including some 7000 pairs of shoes, and let themselves loose upon the community. Out of the 287 who escaped only 87 have hitherto been recaught; and all of these have, after examination by a military commission, been remanded back to their old prison-house to fulfill the remainder of their sentence. The officers of the law are yet constantly upon the track of the others. There are at present only 160 prisoners confined in this building, and on the average of two whites to one black.

This building has historic interest, both past and present. In it have been confined nearly every criminal of any considerable note in the State. It receives no prisoners for petty offenses, or for a term of confinement less than one year. Those sent here are for rape, murder, and all the great social crimes, or political offenders of extraordinary interest. AARON BURR was here confined during his trial. DICK TURNER, who escaped from Castle Thunder and was recaught about the middle of June, is now here for extra security, as well as several other notable prisoners. It is also here that, in Confederate times, Major GRYMME, of the Seventh West Virginia Cavalry, was immured for eight months in company with eight other Federal officers.

Captain J. M. SCHOONMAKER is the commandant of this and all the other prisons of Richmond. Lieutenant LYMAN HOYSRADT was in charge of this prison from May 5 to July 12, when it was turned over to the civil authorities; but he is still retained there in command on account of the Government prisoners, and the guard under his control is a military one from the Twentieth New York State Militia. Mr. A. B. HOLMES is the general superintendent.

## THE BASE-BALL MATCH AT PHILADELPHIA.

WE present our readers on page 733 an illustration of the base-ball match played October 30 at Philadelphia, in which the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn and the Athletic of Philadelphia contended for the championship. The match created a great excitement in Philadelphia, and the ground at Sixteenth Street and Columbia Avenue was thronged with spectators. The two clubs engaged in the contest are considered the best in the country.

During the early portion of the game the Athletics were ahead. At the seventh inning the score for each side was 14. In the ninth inning the last man of the Athletics was put out, and the score of the Atlantics reached 21 against 15 for the Athletics.

At the request of the Athletics another match was played between the two clubs on Monday, the 6th instant, at the Capitoline grounds in Brooklyn.

## THE SWAFFHAM TINKER.

THERE is a remarkable dream, of which the hero was a tinker of Swaffham, England, two or three hundred years ago. This dream is both traditional and historical, being well known, in its first form, in the place where it occurred, and having been recorded in the legendary histories of former ages:

"There lived at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a hard-working, industrious man, who followed the trade of a tinker. This man dreamed one night that if he took a journey to London, and placed himself on a certain part of London Bridge, he should there meet with a person who would communicate something to him of great importance to his future prospects in life. This dream made a great impression on the tinker's mind, and he related it very circumstantially to his wife in the morning. She, however, half laughed and half scolded at him for his folly in paying attention to such idle fancies, and told him he had better get up and go to work. The next night he dreamed the same again, and likewise the third night, when the impression was so powerful on his mind that he determined, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbors, to 'go to London and see the upshot of it.' Accordingly, having made the requisite arrangements as to the management of his business during his absence, he furnished himself with a sum of money, and set out on foot for the metropolis, distant about ninety miles. He reached the end of his journey late on the third day, and having refreshed himself with a night's rest, he took his station next morning on a part of the bridge which corresponded with the description in his dream. There he stood all day, without any communication as to the purpose of his journey. The next day it was the same—and the third; so that, toward night, his confidence in his dream, as well as his patience, began to be considerably shaken; and he inwardly cursed himself for his folly in not yielding to his wife's advice, and resolved that next day he would leave London and make the best of his way home again. However, he kept his station till late in the evening; when, just as he was about to leave it, a stranger, who had noticed him standing doggedly and with anxious looks on the same spot for some days, accosted him, and asked him what he was waiting there for. After some hesitation the tinker told him his errand, without, however, acquainting him with the place he came from. The stranger smiled at his simplicity, and advised him to go home, and in future to pay no attention to dreams. 'I myself,' said he, 'if I were disposed to put faith in such things, might now go a hundred miles into the country upon a similar errand. I dreamed three nights this week, that if I went to a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, and dug under an apple-tree in a certain garden, on the north side of the town, I should find a box of money; but I have something else to do than to run after such idle fancies! No, no, my friend, go home and work well at your calling, and you will find there the riches you are seeking here.' The tinker was astonished. This he doubted not was the information he was seeking; but he said nothing further to the stranger than to thank him for his advice, and to declare his determination to follow it. He immediately went to his lodgings, and the next day set off for his home, which he reached safe. He said but little to his wife on the subject of his journey, but rose early the next morning, and commenced digging on the spot supposed to be pointed out by the stranger. After proceeding with his work a few feet downward the spade struck against a hard substance, which, upon clearing the mould from the top of it, proved to be an iron chest. He quickly removed it to his house, and having with some difficulty broken off the lid, to his great joy found it full of money. After securing his treasure, he discovered, upon the outside of the chest, an inscription, which, being no scholar, he was unable to decipher. He therefore hit upon the following expedient to ascertain its meaning: There was in the town a grammar school, several of the pupils of which were constantly in the habit of passing his smithy on the way to and from school. The tinker judged that by placing the chest at the door it would excite the attention of the boys, and thus he should be able to obtain the object in view, without exciting any suspicion among his neighbors. He had soon the opportunity he sought. A number of the boys being gathered round, as was their custom, to witness the operations of the forge, he took occasion to challenge their scholastic skill in the translation of the inscription. Some shook their heads: others, after conning over it a while, said it was not legible. At length one, older than the rest, anxious to display his superior learning, after scraping and breaking off the rust, gave the following solution of it—

> 'Where this stood
> Is another twice as good.'

Overjoyed at this information the tinker next morning resumed his labor; and a little below the ground already cleared he found a second chest, double the size of the first, and, like it, filled with gold and silver coin. The account goes on to state that, becoming thus a wealthy man, the tinker showed his gratitude to Providence by building a new chancel to the church, the old one being out of repair. And whatever fiction the marvelous taste of those ages may have mixed up with the tale, certain it is that there is shown at this day a monument in Swaffham church, having an effigy in marble, said to be that of the tinker, with his dog at his side, and his tools and implements of trade lying about him."

# HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### MR. GREATOREX IN SEARCH OF AN INVESTMENT.

WHILE Saxon and his friend were yachting and fighting, and London was yet full to overflowing, and Francesco Secondo was still, to all appearance, firmly seated on his throne, Mr. Laurence Greatorex bent his steps one brilliant July morning in the direction of Chancery Lane, and paid a visit to William Trefalden.

He had experienced some little difficulty in making up his mind to this step; for it was an exceedingly disagreeable one, and required no small amount of effort in its accomplishment. He had seen and avoided the lawyer often enough during the last two or three months; but he had never spoken to him since that affair of the stopped check. His intention had been never to exchange civil speech or salutation with William Trefalden again; but to hate him heartily, and manifest his hatred openly, all the days of his life. And he would have done this uncompromisingly, if his regard for Saxon had not come in the way. But he liked that young fellow with a genuine liking (just as he hated the lawyer with a genuine hatred), and, cost what it might, he was determined to serve him. So, having thought over their last conversation—that conversation which took place in the train, between Portsmouth and London; having looked in vain for the registration of any company which seemed likely to be the one referred to; having examined no end of reports, prospectuses, lists of directors, and the like, he resolved, despite his animosity and his reluctance, to see William Trefalden face to face, and try what could be learned in an interview.

Perhaps, even in the very suspicion which prompted him to look after Saxon's interests, despite Saxon's own unwillingness to have them looked after, there may have been a lurking hope, a half-formed anticipation of something like vengeance. If William Trefalden was not acting quite fairly on Saxon Trefalden's behalf, if there should prove to be knavery or laxity in some particular of these unknown transactions, would it not be quite as sweet to expose the defrauder as to assist the defrauded?

Laurence Greatorex did not plainly tell himself that he was actuated by a double motive in what he was about to do. Men of his stamp are not given to analyzing their own thoughts and feelings. Keen-sighted enough to detect the hidden motives of others, they prefer to make the best of themselves, and habitually look at their own acts from the most favorable point of view. So the banker, having made up his mind to accept the disagreeable side of his present undertaking, complacently ignored that which might possibly turn out to be quite the reverse, and persuaded himself, as he walked up Fleet Street, that he was doing something almost heroic in the cause of friendship.

He sent in his card, and was shown at once to William Trefalden's private room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Trefalden," said he, with that noisy affectation of ease that Sir Charles Burgoyne so especially disliked; "you are surprised to see me here, I don't doubt."

But William Trefalden, who would have manifested no surprise had Laurence Greatorex walked into his room in lawn sleeves and a mitre, only bowed, pointed to a seat, and replied:

"Not at all. I am happy to see you, Mr. Greatorex."

"Thanks." And the banker sat down, and placed his hat on the table. "Any news from Norway?"

"From my cousin Saxon? No. At present not any."

"Really?"

"I do not expect him to write to me."

"Not at all?"

"Why, no—or, at all events, not more than once during his absence. We have exchanged no promises on the score of correspondence; and I am no friend to letter writing unless on business."

"You are quite right, Mr. Trefalden. Mere letter writing is well enough for school-girls and sweet-hearts; but it is a delusion and a snare to those who have real work on their hands. One only needs to look at a shelf of Horace Walpole's Correspondence to know that the man was an idler and a trifler all his life."

Mr. Trefalden smiled a polite assent.

"But I am not here this morning to discourse on the evils of pen and ink," said Greatorex. "I have come, Mr. Trefalden, to ask your advice."

"You shall be welcome to the best that my experience can offer," replied the lawyer.

"Much obliged. Before going any further, however, I must take you a little way into my confidence."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"You must know that I have a little private property. Not much—only a few thousands; but, little as it is, it is my own; and is *not* invested in the business."

Mr. Trefalden was all attention.

"It is not invested in the business," repeated the banker; "and I do not choose that it should be. I want to keep it apart—snug—safe—handy—wholly and solely at my own disposal. You understand?"

Mr. Trefalden, with a furtive smile, replied that he understood perfectly.

"Nor is this all. I have expensive tastes, expensive habits, expensive friends, and therefore I want all I can get for my money. Till lately I have been lending it at—well, no matter at how much per cent.; but now it's just been thrown upon my hands again, and I am looking out for a fresh investment."

Mr. Trefalden, leaning back in his chair, was, in truth, not a little perplexed by the frankness with which Laurence Greatorex was placing these facts before him. However, he listened and smiled, kept his wonder to himself, and waited for what should come next.

"After this preface," added Greatorex, "I suppose I need scarcely tell you the object of my visit."

"I have not yet divined it," replied the lawyer.

"I want to know if you can help me to an investment."

Mr. Trefalden made no secret of the surprise with which he heard this request.

"*I* help you to an investment!" he repeated. "My dear Sir, you amaze me. In matters of that kind you must surely be far better able to help yourself than I am to help you."

"Upon my soul now I don't see that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Nay, the very nature of your own business—"

"This is a matter which I am anxious to keep apart from our business—altogether apart," interrupted Mr. Greatorex.

"I quite understand that; but what I do not understand is that you, a banker, should apply to me, a lawyer, for counsel on a point of this kind."

"Can you not understand that I may place more reliance on your opinion than on my own?"

Mr. Trefalden smiled polite incredulity.

"My dear Mr. Greatorex," he replied, "it is as if *I* were to ask *your* opinion on a point of common law."

Laurence Greatorex laughed, and drew his chair a few inches nearer.

"Well, Mr. Trefalden," he said, "I will be quite plain and open with you. Supposing, now, that I had good reason for believing that you could help me to the very thing of which I am in search, would it then be strange if I came to you as I have come to-day?"

"Certainly not, but—"

"Excuse me—I *have* been told something that leads me to hope you can put a fine investment in my way if you will take the trouble to do so."

"Then I regret to say that you have been told wrongly."

"But my informant—"

"—was in error, Mr Greatorex. I have nothing of the kind in my power—absolutely nothing."

"Is it possible?"

"So possible, Mr Greatorex, that, had I five thousand pounds of my own to invest at this moment, I should be compelled to seek precisely such counsel as you have just been seeking from me."

The banker leaned across the table in such a manner as to bring his face within a couple of feet of Mr. Trefalden's.

"But what about the new Company?" said he.

The lawyer's heart seemed suddenly to stand still, and for a moment—just one moment—his matchless self-possession was shaken. He felt himself change color. He scarcely dared trust himself to speak, lest his voice should betray him.

Greatorex's eyes flashed with triumph; but the lawyer recovered his presence of mind as quickly as he had lost it.

"Pardon me," he said, coldly; "but to what company do you allude?"

"To what company should I allude, except the one in which you have invested your cousin Saxon's money?"

Mr. Trefalden looked his questioner haughtily in the face.

"You labor under some mistake, Mr. Greatorex," he said. "In the first place, you are referring to some association with which I am unacquainted—"

"But—"

"And in the second place, I am at a loss to understand how my cousin's affairs should possess any interest for you."

"A first-rate speculation possesses the very strongest interest for me," replied the banker.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"The law, perhaps, has made me over-cautious," said he; "but I abhor the very name of speculation."

"And yet, if I understood your cousin rightly, his money has been invested in a speculation," persisted Greatorex.

The lawyer surveyed his visitor with a calm hauteur that made Greatorex fidget in his chair.

"I can not tell," said he, "how far my cousin, in his ignorance of money-matters, may have unintentionally misled you upon this point; but I must be permitted to put you right in one particular. Saxon Trefalden has certainly not speculated with his fortune, because I should no more counsel him to speculate than he would speculate without my counsel. I trust I am sufficiently explicit."

"Explicit enough, Mr. Trefalden, but—"

The lawyer looked up inquiringly.

"But disappointing, you see—confoundedly disappointing. I made sure after what he had told me—"

"May I inquire what my cousin did tell you, Mr. Greatorex?"

"Certainly. He said you had invested a large part of his property, and the whole of your own, in the shares of some new company, the name and objects of which were for the present to be kept strictly private."

"No more than this?"

"No more—except that it was to be the most brilliant thing of the day."

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"Poor boy!" he said. "What a droll mistake—and yet how like him!"

Seeing him so unruffled and amused, the City man's belief in the success of his own scheme was momentarily staggered. He began to think he had made no such capital discovery after all.

"I hope you mean to share the joke, Mr. Trefalden," he said, uneasily.

"Willingly. As is always the case in these misapprehensions, Saxon was a little right and a good deal wrong in his story. His money has been *lent* to a company on first-rate security—not invested in shares, or embarked in any kind of speculation. I am not at liberty to name the company—it is sufficient that he could nowhere have found more satisfactory debtors."

"I suppose, then, there is no chance in the same direction for outsiders?"

"My cousin has advanced, I believe, as much as the company desires to borrow."

"Humph!—just my luck. Well, I am much obliged to you, Mr. Trefalden."

"Not in the least. I only regret that I can be of no service to you, Mr. Greatorex."

They rose simultaneously, and, as they did so, each read mistrust in the other's eyes.

"Does he really want an investment?" thought the lawyer; "or is it a mere scheme of detection from first to last?"

"Has he caught scent of my little game?" the banker asked himself; "and is this plausible story nothing, after all, but a clever invention?"

These, however, were questions that could not be asked, much less answered; so Laurence Greatorex and William Trefalden parted civilly enough, and hated each other more heartily than ever.

There was one, however, who witnessed their parting, and took note thereof—one who marked the expression of the banker's face as he left the office, the look of dismay on William Trefalden's as he returned to his private room. That keen observer was Mr. Keckwitch; and Mr. Keckwitch well knew how to turn his quick apprehension to account.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### THE GREAT COMMERCIAL AUTHORITY.

THE young men had no difficulty in finding the mansion of Mr. Melchisedek. It was a large, white, Oriental-looking house, with innumerable lattices, a fountain playing in the court-yard, and a crowd of Nubian and Egyptian servants, in rich Eastern dresses, lounging about the gates.

When Saxon inquired for the master of the house, a grave Armenian in a long dark robe and lofty cap stepped forward and conducted the visitors across the court-yard, through a long corridor, and into a small room furnished like a European counting-house. Here they were received by a gentlemanly person seated before a large desk covered with papers.

"Mr. Melchisedek, I presume?" said Saxon.

The gentleman at the desk smiled, and shook his head.

"I am Mr. Melchisedek's secretary," he replied. "At your service."

"I particularly wish to see Mr. Melchisedek

himself," said Saxon, "if he will oblige me with five minutes' conversation."

The secretary smiled again; much as a vizier might smile at the request of a stranger who asked to see the sultan.

"If you will do me the favor to state the nature of your business," said he, "I will acquaint Mr. Melchisedek with the particulars. He may then, perhaps, grant you an interview."

So Saxon explained all about the inquiries which he was anxious to make, and the secretary, taking their cards with him, left the young men for a few minutes to themselves.

"The Commercial Authority seems to be a mighty man in the land," said Lord Castletowers.

"The Commercial Authority has a princely garden," replied Saxon, looking out of the window upon a maze of gorgeous flower-beds, clumps of sycamores and palms, and alleys of shadowy cypress-trees.

"Princely indeed!" said the Earl; and quoted a line or two of Tennyson:

"'A realm of pleasaunce, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets bowing round,
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!'

—by-the-way, Trefalden, what if the Commercial Authority keeps the Persian girl 'with argent-lidded eyes' hidden up behind yonder lattices?"

At this moment the door softly reopened, and, instead of the secretary, the Armenian appeared.

He bowed almost to the ground, and requested the effendis to follow him.

Up a broad flight of marble steps they went, and through a long suit of rooms magnificently furnished in a semi-oriental style, with divans and hangings, carpets in which the foot sank noiselessly, statues, massive bronzes, ornamental clocks, and large paintings in heavy Italian frames. Having led them through five of these stately reception-rooms, the Armenian paused at the entrance to the sixth, held the velvet curtain aside, and stood back to let them pass.

A spacious room, still more Oriental, and, if possible, still more costly in its decorations, opened before them. The windows admitted the last crimson light of the setting sun. The air was heavy with a mixed perfume of orange-blossoms and roses, and the scented fumes of Turkish tobacco.

As the young men entered a gaunt figure, clothed all in white, rose from a sofa at the upper end of the room, and stood to receive them.

This was Mr. Melchisedek.

The great Commercial Authority was, beyond doubt, a very extraordinary-looking individual. He was a Jew, pur et simple. It needed no ethnologist to see that. A Jew of marked Arabian type, with deep-set, fiery eyes, a complexion almost the color of a Roxburgh binding, a high, narrow, intellectual forehead, and a "sable-silvered" beard and mustache. He wore a crimson fez, and a suit of fine white linen that shone all over like the richest satin. The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were also of linen; but in his shirt he wore three superb brilliants, and the long, slender brown hand which held his chibouque was all ablaze with jewels.

Handing this chibouque to one of four gorgeously attired Nubian slaves that stood behind his sofa, Mr. Melchisedek inclined his head, pointed to a couple of divans, and said, in the tone of a sovereign giving audience:

"Gentlemen, you are welcome."

Pipes and coffee were then brought round in the Eastern fashion, and for some minutes the trio smoked and sipped in silence.

Mr. Melchisedek was the first to speak.

"May I inquire," he said, "which gentleman I am to address as Mr. Trefalden?"

"Myself, if you please," replied Saxon, bluntly.

The Commercial Authority removed his pipe from his lips and looked at him with some appearance of interest.

"I know your name well, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "You came lately into the possession of a fortune founded one hundred years ago."

"I did," replied Saxon, laughingly. "But I did not expect to find that fact known in Egypt."

"All remarkable financial facts are known among financial men," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "and the fame of the Trefalden legacy has been considerable."

Hereupon he resumed his pipe, and a second round of coffee made its appearance.

Saxon and Castletowers exchanged glances. The semi-Oriental gravity of the man, the peculiarities of his appearance, the pashaw-like splendor of his palace, and the train of slaves about the place amazed and amused him.

In obedience to a sign from the Earl, Saxon left Mr. Melchisedek to conduct the conversation according to his own pleasure.

Presently the Nubians removed the coffee-cups and brought round a silver bowl of rose-water, and three embroidered napkins. The guests dipped their fingers in the one and dried them on the others. The slaves then closed the lattices, lit the lamps, and withdrew.

They were no sooner gone than Mr. Melchisedek turned to Saxon, and said:

"If I understand my secretary aright, Mr. Trefalden, you have been informed that a second Anglo-Indian Company, calling itself the New Overland Route Company, has lately been incorporated; and you wish to know whether that information be correct?"

"Not precisely," replied Saxon, "for I have reason to know that such a company has actually been formed; but—"

"May I inquire what that reason is?" said Mr. Melchisedek.

"I have taken shares in it."

"Will you permit me to see your debentures?"

"I have none—that is to say, they are doubtless in the care of my lawyer. He takes charge of all my papers, and transacts all my business."

Mr. Melchisedek looked at Saxon with something like a grim smile hovering about the corners of his mouth, and said in his oracular tone:

"Sir, there is no such company."

"But—"

"There is no such company. All joint-stock companies must be publicly registered as the Act directs. They do not exist as companies till that registration has taken place, and, being registered, they become capable of legally carrying on the business for which they are formed, according to the provisions of their deeds of settlement. No such company as this New Overland Route Company has been registered in England or elsewhere—consequently, no such company exists."

Saxon changed color, and was silent.

Mr. Melchisedek touched a silver bell, and the Armenian chamberlain presented himself upon the threshold.

"My volume of maps," said the master, laconically.

The Armenian vanished; but presently reappeared with a huge folio, which Mr. Melchisedek opened at the eastern hemisphere.

"Be so good, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "as to show me this supposititious route."

Saxon drew his finger along the map from Marseilles, through the Straits of Messina, to Sidon on the coast of Syria; from Sidon to Palmyra; from Palmyra along the valley of the Euphrates, down the Persian Gulf, and over to Bombay. He explained the scheme as he proceeded. It seemed so brilliant, so easy, so perfect, that before he came to the end of his commentary his tone of voice had become quite triumphant, and all his doubts had vanished.

But the great Commercial Authority only smiled again, more grimly than before.

"You have been grossly imposed upon, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "No offices such as you describe have been erected here or elsewhere. No surveyors have been sent out. No deputations have been dispatched. The whole transaction is less than a bubble—a mere figment of the imagination."

"But may it not be possible that, without your knowledge—"

"No Oriental undertaking can be set on foot without my knowledge," replied Mr. Melchisedek, stiffly. "I employ agents throughout the East, whose business it is to keep me informed on these subjects."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Saxon. "I do not know how to believe it!"

"Besides," added the Commercial Authority, "the thing is impracticable."

"Why so?"

"In the first place, the obstacles to the Euphrates route by land are innumerable—perhaps altogether insurmountable. In the second place, Sidon, which is to this scheme what Alexandria is to the genuine route, is one of the most dangerous points of the Syrian Coast."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed Saxon. "I have read of the harbor of Sidon in Homer—in the Bible—in ancient and medieval history. Surely it is the sea-port of Damascus?"

"It was," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "but it has not been a sea-port for more than two hundred years. When the Emir Fakreddin defended his territory against the encroachments of Amurath the Fourth, he filled the harbor in order to prevent the Turkish fleet from approaching the town. Since that time no vessel of size has dared to attempt an entrance."

Saxon stood bewildered, with his eyes fixed upon the map.

"I fear you have been defrauded to a considable extent," said Mr. Melchisedek, politely.

"To be defrauded is, I suppose, the lot of the ignorant," replied Saxon; "but it is not so much for the money that I care. It is for the—the—"

"Precisely," said Mr. Melchisedek. "The swindle."

Saxon shrank from the word as if it stung him.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said, hastily.

"Pray do not name it, Mr. Trefalden. I am happy to have been useful to you."

And with this Mr. Melchisedek again touched the silver hand-bell, saluted his visitors in stately fashion, and remained standing till the Armenian had ushered them from his presence.

Back they went again, through the five magnificent rooms, down the marble staircase, now all ablaze with lamps of quaint and beautiful designs, and out across the spacious court-yard.

It was now dusk. A delicious breeze was blowing off the sea; the Frankish quarter was full of promenaders; and a band was playing in the great square, before the French Consulate.

But Saxon strode on toward the Hôtel de l'Europe, observing nothing; and Castletowers followed him silently. Not till they were again alone in their own sitting-room did he venture to break in upon his friend's meditations.

"I am afraid this is a bad business, Trefalden," he said.

"A terrible business!" replied Saxon, leaning moodily out of the window.

The Earl laid his hand upon the young fellow's shoulder.

"Is your loss very heavy?" he asked, gently.

"Nearly half my fortune."

"Good Heavens, Trefalden!"

Saxon smiled bitterly.

"Yes," he replied; "it is a loss not to be counted by thousands, or tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands—but millions. I have been robbed of two millions."

"But not irrecoverably robbed! You have the law to appeal to!"

"The law can do nothing for me," replied Saxon.

"The law can do every thing if one has prompt recourse to it. Supposing that these swindlers have fled, you can set a hundred detectives at their heels; you can hunt them down like vermin—you can—"

"I tell you, Castletowers, I can do nothing," interrupted Saxon, impatiently.

"Why not?"

Saxon was silent.

"Who laid the scheme before you? Who sold you the forged shares?"

Still Saxon made no reply.

A foreboding of the truth flashed suddenly across Lord Castletowers's mind.

"Gracious powers!" he faltered. "Surely—it is not possible—can it be that Mr. Trefalden—"

"Don't ask me!" said Saxon, passionately; "don't ask me!"

Then, breaking down all at once, he exclaimed,

"But oh, it's not the money, Castletowers! it's not the money that I grieve about!"

"I understand that," replied the Earl, scarcely less agitated than himself. "Who would have conceived that Mr. Trefalden could be so base?"

"My own kinsman—my friend whom I loved and trusted!"

"The friend whom we all trusted," said the Earl.

Saxon looked at him with an alarmed, almost an imploring, expression—opened his lips as if to speak—checked himself, and turned away with a heavy sigh.

He had now no doubt that his cousin had wronged Lord Castletowers of that twenty-five thousand pounds; but he could not bring himself to say what he suspected. Besides, there was still a hope.

At all events he would wait—wait and think.

## VALE.

'Tis ever "Farewell" in this world I ween,
Nor ever a meeting long without it;
Its shadow falls over each lovely scene—
The dying whisper, the living shout it.

Farewell! Farewell! and in shrieks the train,
Through shadow and sunshine with one long shiver,
On the platform there parted two hearts with pain,
And away, away, over valley and river.

The bell of the steamer rings loud and long,
And white hands wave far over the railing;
Alas for those who weep in the throng,
Who weep as the ship goes seaward sailing!

The wind sprung up as the day grew dark,
The black waves tossed in wild commotion;
Farewell! we cried as her little bark
Went sailing alone on that fearful ocean.

We saw not far off the shining strand—
We heard not the voice of the angel greeting—
Yet we knew that at last she had reached the land
Where farewells follow not on the meeting.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every body has heard how presence of mind displayed by Sir Thomas More once saved his life; yet the story bears repeating. One day while Sir Thomas was walking on the roof of his palace, lost in contemplation, an insane man came rushing toward him, and threatened to push him from the battlements. The chancellor was in his gown, and besides was old and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. He had a little dog with him. "Now," said he, to the maniac, "let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be." So the dog was thrown over. "Is not this fine sport?" said his lordship; "let us fetch him up, and try it again." As the madman was going down Sir Thomas fastened the door and called for help.

One evening, not long ago, a peaceful-minded gentleman, who probably never fired a pistol in his life, was pursuing his homeward way through one of our city avenues. Suddenly he was accosted by a half-intoxicated ruffian with, "Here, stop now, what have you got in your pocket?" "A three-barreled revolver," was the instant reply. "What have *you* got?" The drunken wretch turned, and rushed away without a word.

Somebody has said that "presence of mind is good, but *absence of body* is better!" Very true. But danger meets us face to face on every hand. In these times when a smash-up on the rail or an explosion on the water is an almost everyday occurrence, one may well bethink himself how he shall act should he be one of a terror-stricken band of hapless passengers. Nothing is ever gained by rash impetuosity, even when the mind, half-paralyzed by fear, yields to the impulse to escape from impending death. If there is but one moment in which to save one's life, half that moment is well spent in thinking how to do it. Could the passengers of the ill-fated *St. John* have resisted the impulse to throw open state-room doors to the deadly steam, and to rush with naked feet through scalding water, what agony would have been saved to many! Since traveling is so notoriously unsafe, a certain mental preparation for exigencies will often prove a safeguard.

It is a brief, sad history which is involved in the two items which follow:

MARRIED.

Lyon—Greene.—On Thursday, Oct. 26, at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. J. H. Tuttle, Francis J. Lyon, to Mary Imogene, only daughter of Edward Greene, all of this city.

DIED.

Lyon.—On Sunday, Oct. 29, from injuries received by the explosion on board of the steamer *St. John*, Francis J. Lyon, aged 31 years. Also, on Monday, Oct. 30, at 7 A.M., Mary Imogene Lyon, wife of the above, and only daughter of Edward and Martha Green.

Years ago when the cholera was striding toward this country some cities prepared for its coming and others did not. The mortality was in the ratio of the preparation. In Boston there was no panic, and none left the city who had any inducement to remain. Public meetings were held, and money freely contributed for the thorough cleansing of the city. Numerous committees, of two gentlemen each, were appointed, who visited *every dwelling*, inspecting cellars, closets, drains, and yards. Every sort of rubbish and filth was removed by public carts, and cellars whitewashed. Two large houses were rented and fitted up with baths, medicines, etc., four nurses were placed in each, and two physicians appointed to each. What was the result? Only two or three cases of cholera, and not a single case taken to either hospital. Was ever money or time better spent?

At the recent grand banquet given at Delmonico's by Sir Morton Peto to his American friends the "Bill of Fare" was a unique and elegant affair. It was arranged in the form of an eight-paged book, each leaf being of satin, and containing the numerous dishes of the banquet in regular order, while the covers, which were of morocco, were stamped in gold with Sir Morton's coat of arms and the name of the particular guest at whose plate the book was laid. This dinner is said to have been one of the most elegant affairs of the kind that has ever taken place in this country.

It is rumored that an Anti-marriage Club is about being organized in our city—the idea coming, as all new fashions do, from France. The grand object of this society is to discountenance habits of extravagance among young ladies. It seems that a couple of gentlemen, at their club room one evening, having tired themselves at the billiard table, sought rest on a lounge in the smoking room, each with a fragrant Havana. But either the lounge was uncomfortable or the cigars unsoothing—a heated discussion ensued, which resulted not long after in a meeting of sixty or more determined young men who could not afford the expense of a wife! The general idea promulgated at this interesting meeting seemed to be that all the money expended in a family was spent by the *wife*; consequently, if a man wanted any for his own use he must not be a husband! A report to prove this was made out with great accuracy, by five gentlemen, in the space of half an hour! The meeting came to an abrupt conclusion by the inopportune and unexpected arrival of a married gentleman, and the important documents were hustled away into some secret corner. The movement will undoubtedly be successful, and a flourishing club be formed, composed of young gentlemen of limited incomes, who desire the undisturbed enjoyment of their billiards, cards, cigars, and wines! We trust nobody will disturb them! However much ladies may need to be checked in their extravagances (and they need it—enough), "people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

The famous balloon wedding, so long talked of, has been postponed once and again; if, however, the present programme is carried out, it will have transpired before this paragraph meets the reader's eye:

The preliminary arrangements are now quite completed. The ceremony will be performed by a Philadelphia clergyman, who comes on expressly for the purpose. A superb car belonging to Professor Lowe has been newly furnished with Brussels carpet, damask cushions, lace curtains, and blue silk canopy, and will be attached to the balloon.

The parties to the interesting event are Professor Boynton, of Syracuse, and Miss Jenkins, formerly of St. Louis.

The bridal costume is composed of ashes-of-roses poplin, trimmed with velvet a shade darker than the material, and velvet buttons. Hat and basquine to match.

The bridemaids' dresses are of lavender moire, trimmed with point lace and illusion puffed in. One of the bridemaids is the sister of the bride, the other the daughter of the bridegroom. Between this young lady and her proposed step-mother there is only one year of difference in age, and both are said to be very handsome.

The bride's *trousseau* includes every thing that is *recherché* belonging to a lady's wardrobe.

And in this connection we will give our lady readers a few items from the latest Paris fashions.

Long veils are definitely accepted. The small masks tucked in tight at the sides of the face, and reaching barely to the chin, are doomed. Their successors go to the other extreme, being long, wide, and flowing, and very nunlike in effect. Hitherto they have been worn of plain unhemmed gauze, measuring occasionally one yard and a half; but now they are manufactured three-quarters of a yard in length and of black lace, sometimes embellished with beads. They require to be gracefully worn.

Our readers will be glad to hear that dress-makers' bills are likely to be curtailed during the winter, for the good reason that dresses are to be but little trimmed. The leading dress-makers are making plain skirts for promenade toilets. Those ladies who persist in trimming have cross-cut bands of satin round their skirts, and in the centre of each an extremely narrow band of the same material as the dress.

A principal feature to be remarked in the make of winter dresses is the absence of all pleats both in front and at the sides of the skirt. To manage this the dresses are cut in the Princess form, and the bodice and front breadth of the skirt are therefore in one piece. Three large box pleats are arranged at the back of the skirt, but at the sides and front, where it is plain, trimming is laid on to simulate basques. As for crinolines, we are repeatedly told they are "going out;" but the evidence of our eyes assures us of the contrary. In Paris the much-abused articles are certainly smaller in front, but at the back they have by no means diminished—rather the contrary.

Industry is surely not on the wane in Scotland. A gentleman in that country has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn. It is so constructed that the mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offenses by twisting and reeling 100 to 120 threads per day. Now, such an invention is really worth something! We wish we had some machinery by which not only mice but *rats* could be made to work at some useful trade—provided they could be caught! New York is becoming overrun with rats. Even in many private houses their ravages and familiarity are astonishing—nothing is secure from them. And then they meet you with such boldness, and stare you in the face with such impudence that it is — well, to say the least — not pleasant. The surest remedy is a good cat! We have tried and know, and nothing would tempt us to part with our Tabby.

A story is going the rounds of a man living out West who completes eight pairs of large-sized boots every day. That would be considered small doings in New York if the following statement is true. "There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the swamps, who, as fast as he finishes a gaiter, throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time and don't half try."

The following appears to us to be a very good story:

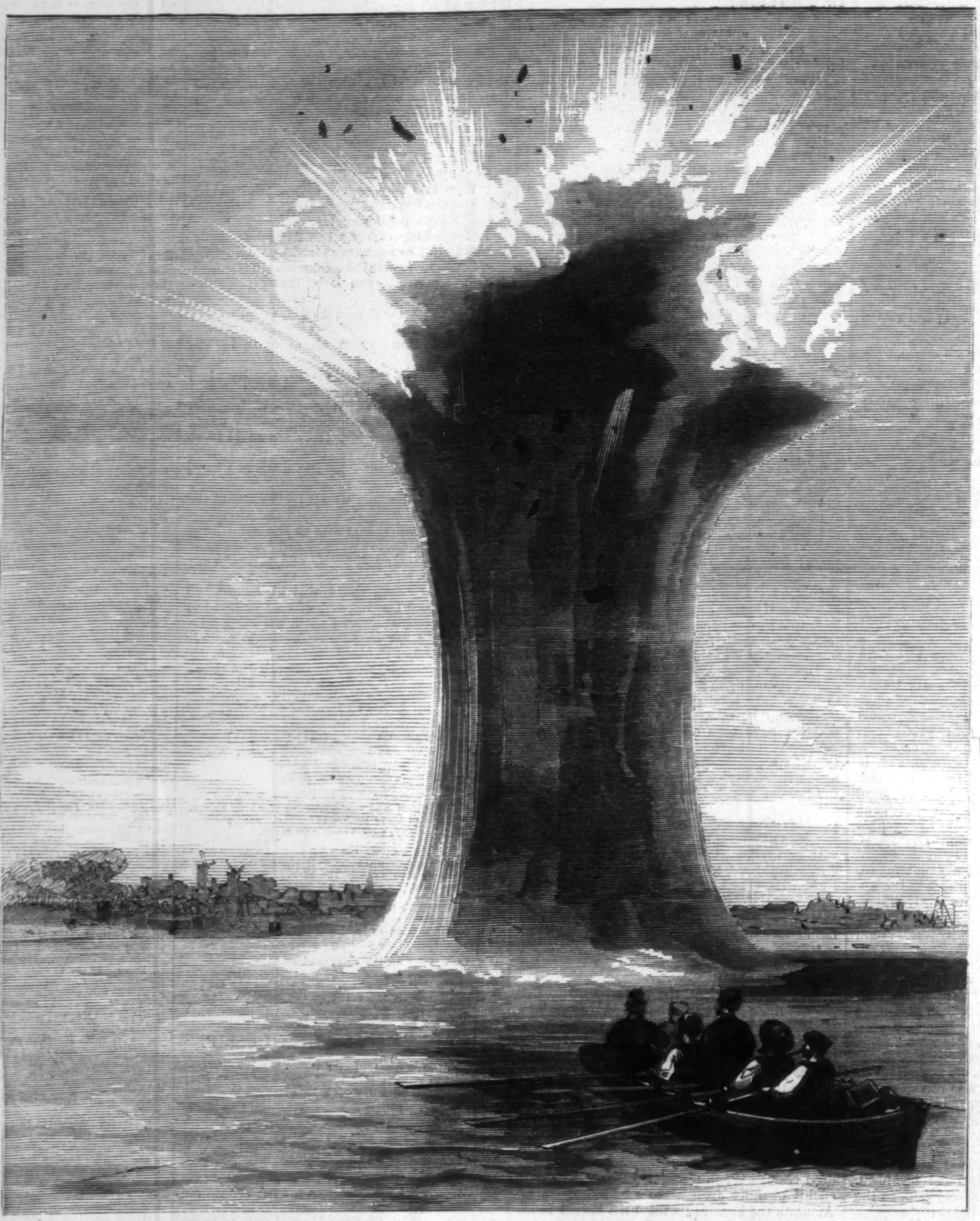
An English philanthropist was taken some years ago to see one of the schools in Dublin devoted to the conversion of children to Protestantism. The master put the rather small class in attendance through a very fair lesson in Biblical knowledge, and then proceeded to display some of the practical instructions received by his pupils. "Now, boys, you know Donnybrook Fair?" "Yes, Sir, we do." (Every hand up.) "Is it right to go to Donnybrook Fair?" "No, Sir, it is not." "What is it?" "It's a sin, Sir." "Very well, boys," replied the master. Turning to his English visitor, "You see we do not neglect to inculcate practical precepts as well as religious opinions!" "Quite true," said the visitor; "but may I be allowed to put a question to the boys myself?" "Oh, certainly, Sir; whatever you please." "Well, then, boys, tell me honestly, every boy who has been to Donnybrook this year, hold up his hand!" Up went every hand in the class. Of course the boys, being Irish, saw the intensity of the joke, and laughed accordingly, and the master being of the same nation was not more backward, in spite of his defeat; and visitor, teacher, and scholars joined in a good hearty roar, which had hardly calmed down when one little gamin of the class stepped forward and put up his hand. "Please, Sir, I went to Donnybrook to distribute thracts!" As the idea of any urchin going to Donnybrook to sell tracts, or coming alive out of it if he did, was utterly incredible, the laugh broke out again with renewed violence till the visitor took his departure.

## AMERICAN TORPEDOES IN ENGLAND.

The first use of submarine explosive shells for the destruction of hostile ships of war was introduced by Mr. David Bushnell, of Connecticut, about 1777. He contrived a machine in which the operator, with air enough to breathe for half an hour, could dive under the bottom of an enemy's vessel, and fasten to it a box of powder, which was afterward to be fired by means of a gun-lock and a long cord. This machine, which took its name from its shape resembling the American turtle or torpedo, was tried without success against the British squadron in New York harbor and in the Delaware. Twenty years later Robert Fulton, the author of steam navigation in America, devised a method of applying submarine bomb-shells, which he laid before the British Government. It was discountenanced by the naval authorities, but found some favor with Mr. Pitt, who on one occasion witnessed, near Walmer Castle, the blowing up of the brig *Dorothea* by means of an 180-pounder torpedo. Fulton's shell was provided with clock-work to set the gun-lock in action and fire the powder, after the lapse of a given time. The whole subject, however, seems to have lain in abeyance till the Russian war of 1854, when the channels leading to Cronstadt were defended by sunken magazines of powder, held by buoys at a certain depth beneath the surface. The intended method of ignition, when the enemy's ships passed over, was by the breaking of a small glass tube containing sulphuric acid, which would then flow down a long flexible tube, containing at its bottom a preparation of chlorate of potash, so as to produce a flame communicating with the magazine. These Russian torpedoes, however, did not prove very efficient, and were harmlessly fished up by the exploring boats.

Our late civil war has occasioned the practical application and modification of these engines of warfare in a great variety of forms. They were extensively used by the military and naval engineers of the Southern Confederacy, the most successful example being shown by the destruction of the *Tecumseh*, at Mobile, in August, 1863. A torpedo diving-boat, with steam-engine and screw-propeller, and with two vanes, like the fins of a fish, to regulate its upward or downward motion, was constructed by them at Charleston, and another at New Orleans; but in these instances the torpedo-shells, as employed by the Southerners, were to be thrust forward at the end of a long arm or spar, so as to be placed in direct contact with the bottom or side of the ship to be destroyed.

This principle, which seemed fatal to the usefulness and convenient applicability of the invention, has been entirely superseded by the new kind of torpedoes exhibited recently at Chatham. The merit of the novel combination, in its present shape, is shared by Mr. W. W. Wood, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, and Mr. G. W. Beardslee, of New York, inventor of the magneto-electric telegraph, which had already been employed with remarkable success for military and engineering purposes on land. Without going into a description of Mr. Beardslee's invention, which supersedes the galvanic battery as well for the transmission of messages as for the explosion of mines or magazines, at any distance, either on land or under water, and sunk at any depth, it may be stated that the magneto-electric apparatus, requiring no acids or plates, is carried in a small box as portable as a writing-desk; it may be worked very easily upon an open telegraph wire on land, or a wire, in the water, insulated by a coating of vulcanized India rubber. In August, 1864, when Mr. Beardslee's apparatus was experimentally applied to the ordinary line of telegraph wire between New York and Washington, a charge of gunpowder at Washington was fired in an instant by the operators at New York, and *vice ver-*



EXPERIMENTS WITH AMERICAN TORPEDO-SHELLS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND—EXPLOSION OF A 440-POUNDER.

EXPERIMENTS WITH AMERICAN TORPEDO-SHELLS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND—BLOWING-UP OF THE "TERPSICHORE" BY A 75-POUNDER.

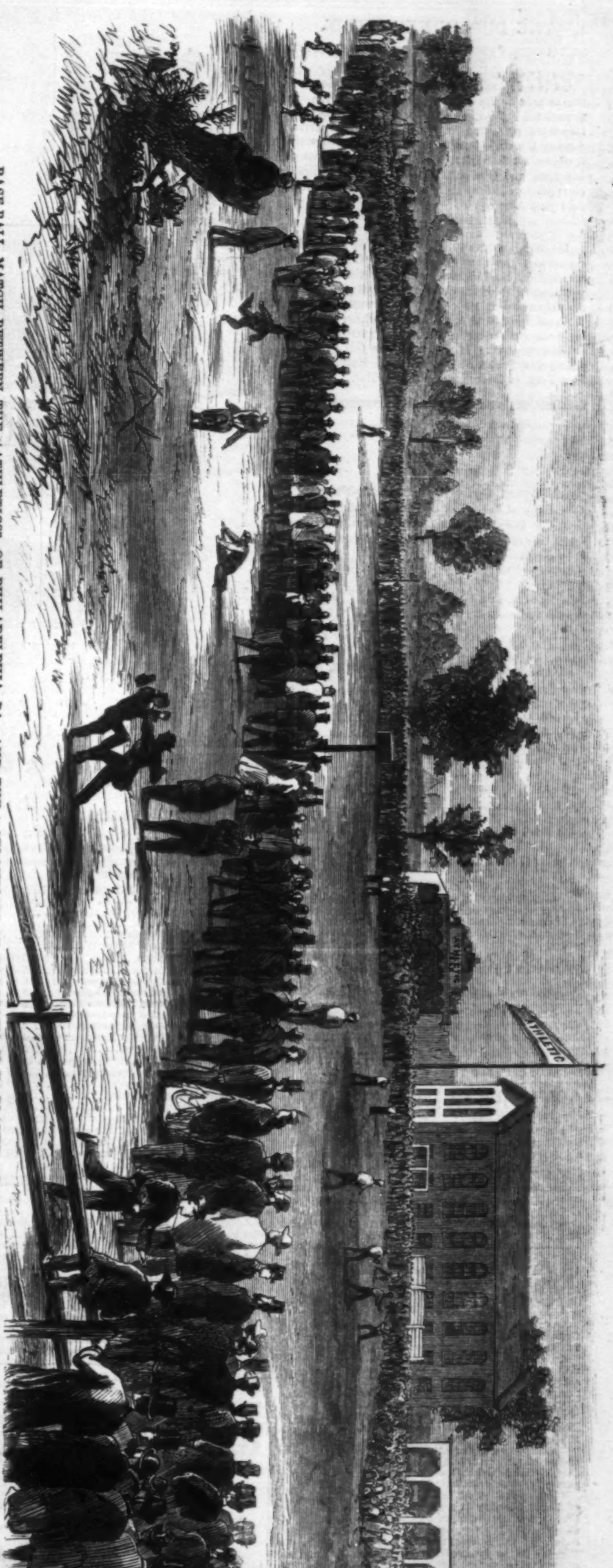
ed, at a distance of 240 miles; whereas in former experiments of this sort with Grove's galvanic batteries, the combined power of no less than 150 pairs was required to ignite powder by means of burning a platinum wire at Baltimore, forty miles from Washington. Mr. Beardslee employs a patent fusee or cartridge for mines and torpedoes, which is so ingenious that we must give it particular notice. It consists of a small wooden cylinder about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and three inches long; at one end of the cylinder is a cavity which holds the combustible, which is confined only by pasteboard or membrane, so that when ignited it will blow straight into the heart of the principal charge; the two wires of the electric circuit, entering at the other end of the cylinder, terminate upon the little wooden disk which forms the bottom of this cavity, so that the end of one wire is about a quarter of an inch from the other; the electric circuit is completed by drawing a dash with a black-lead pencil across the tiny space of the wooden surface connecting the two ends of wire; and the fusee is then charged. It is a property of black-lead or plumbago to burst into flame when reached by the electric current; hence, by sending a current through the circuit thus composed, which may have wires of any length, the pencil-mark lying in the tract of this current, and consisting of a few disintegrated particles of plumbago, is infallibly set on fire, and must infallibly set fire to the whole charge of the fusee, and of the torpedo or mine. The use of such a fusee is in every way superior to the method of producing ignition by platinum wire, which involves a great waste of electric power.

The illustrations which we give on page 732 relate to a recent trial made of these torpedoes in the Medway, England, in the presence of the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty, and other eminent naval authorities. This test resulted in a complete success. Several experiments were tried. One was to try the effect of the explosion of a torpedo charged with 440 pounds of powder and sunk under mud and sand at the entrance of Chatham Harbor. The depth of water at high-tide was 26 feet. The train being fired, in an instant there rose from the placid bosom of the river high into the air a huge column of water, in shape and action much resembling those great water-spouts occasionally witnessed by sailors in mid-ocean, and to which, though very beautiful to look upon, they do their best to give a wide berth. The splendid volumes of snow-white feathery spray soared quickly to a height of little less than 200 feet, and then fell gently again in exquisitely graceful curves into the vortex whence they had risen, leaving no trace of themselves behind save a slowly-expanding circle of bubbling, foaming water, the muddy, yeasty aspect of which showed that the river had been stirred to its lowest depths. The illustration on page 732 will give some idea of the appearance of this huge column of water.

Another experiment, which we illustrate, was the destruction of the *Terpsichore*—an 18-gun English sailing frigate—by two 75-pound torpedoes. These were let down alongside of the ship. Only one of these bore upon the ship, the other being borne away by the tide too far to have any effect on the vessel. Upon the explosion the *Terpsichore* suddenly rose at her bows ten or twelve feet into the air and keeled over on her starboard side, while great masses of water burst up through her decks, her whole frame being convulsed and heaving as with agony, till she began to settle down forward. In another moment her stern stood up at an acute angle, and her bow sank deeper and deeper. Not a fragment, however, of her timbers was seen to be detached from the rest of her bulk, not a splinter had been shot up into the air or had fallen off into the water, and she appeared to be going down bodily. The mischief she had received would seem to be a broken back; for she, still continued to go down by the head until, in about five minutes from her first movement, she lay fast aground in the Medway mud on an even keel, with the tide up to within a few inches of her port-holes.

It is now admitted that one of these torpedoes, with a charge of 440 pounds, would be sufficient to destroy the strongest of her Majesty's ships-of-war.

HON. JAMES L. ORR, GOVERNOR ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See First Page.]




BASE-BALL MATCH BETWEEN THE "ATHLETICS", OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., AND THE "ATLANTICS," OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., PLAYED AT PHILADELPHIA, October 30, 1865.—Sketched by J. B. Beale.—[See Page 730.]

## THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

THE HIGHEST PRIZE AWARDED TO THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.

ON Monday morning EARL RUSSELL announced the awards to the successful exhibitors in the International Exhibition, Dublin, and the Prizes were afterward presented by the DUKE OF LEINSTER. Among the exhibitors who obtained Medals were the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, Liverpool and London, this being the fifteenth first-class prize gained by these Machines this season.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N.Y.

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| 1000 Revolving Castors | $15 00 to 18 00 |
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